WHAT I HEARD IN EUROPE.

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WHAT I HEARD IN EUROPE

DURING THE

"AMERICAN EXCITEMENT;"

ILLUSTRATING THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN

GOVERNMENT AND PEOPLE ABROAD

IN THEIR HOSTILITY AND GOOD WISHES TO THE PERPETUITY OF

THE GREAT REPUBLIC.

BY JOHN H. TOBITT.

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PREFACE.

On one of the hottest days in August, 1861, I received a letter from a brother residing in London, even more than ordinarily affectionate, and intimating that the increasing infirmities of age would probably prevent him from further correspondence. At the time of its arrival, I happened myself to be in unusual despondency and loneliness, and business in general having just received the discordant jar of "Bull Run," believe I shared in the developing apprehension of impending national calamity.

As the pleasure I had derived from so many years' epistolary intercourse with my Brother seemed now about to terminate, a sudden impulse again to visit him, took possession of me. Thus might I hope to repay in a measure my Brother's affection—relax my own over-taxed energies from a twenty-four years' servitude—and, far above and beyond all, avert my eyes and ears from the fratrici-

dal conflict which had just begun to sadden the most prosperous nation on earth. Mentioning to such friends as I met that I was going abroad, twenty-three letters of introduction were tendered me—and thus auspiciously did I commence my journey.

—I am an AMERICAN; "intensely American," as I was once described. And yet, while not a native, far more than many adopted citizens, I may claim to be a *confirmed* American; and feel prouder of belonging to this class than either of the former. I was *brought* to this country in childhood—and as soon as I had acquired a trade, and earned sufficient money, went over to England with boyish curiosity to see my half-forgotten relatives, and "prospecting" for the best track in which to undertake "the voyage of life." I was thus enabled early to choose my country—and I speedily returned to New York with a proud sense of independence, and impatience to arrive at the age of citizenship. Good health and industrious habits have had but their ordinary sequence here in rewarding me with business—home—and reputation. How can it be expected, then, that I should feel otherwise than grateful, and "intensely American" against all who have been gloating over the prospective dismemberment of this Great Republic.

Therefore, while I went abroad intending to enjoy myself in the quietest and most private manner imaginable, it was entirely impossible for one so impulsive to keep silent in the hearing of the incredible calumnies which were current during "the American Excitement." It was also because I neither went as a fashionable tourist, a public character, nor a fugitive, but as thousands go every year from the ranks of middle life, that I enjoyed the freedom to speak as I did.

Since my return, I have witnessed with no little concern the change in American sentiment toward England. It would exasperate a far less excitable people than ourselves to experience such "neutrality" as has been the main comfort and hope of our enemies; but knowing how heartily the millions despise the diplomatic hypocrisy of their rulers, I believe a brief narrative of what I *heard* would be more appropriate at this time than a volume of mere "sight-seeings."

As the prospect brightens that our family quarrel may yet terminate without embroiling us with other nations, I think it every one's duty to contribute his share to so desirable a result. And as what I remember saying in behalf of my country while abroad is the proudest treasure of my memory, so now that I am home again do I exult in thus testify-

ing to the fidelity of those whom neither sophistry nor ship-building profits can blind to the fact that our temporary troubles are but the presage of our Land becoming, in fact as well as name, a "Model Republic."

J. H. T.

New York, *January*, 1864.

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CHAPTER I.

AN ATLANTIC VOYAGE—LIVERPOOL—CONVERSATION IN THE CARS TO BIRMINGHAM.

An Atlantic voyage is now such a common experience, that to describe one in a book where condensation and not expansion is the key-note, would be entirely superfluous. I therefore dismiss this part of my recollections, by alluding only to the advantage this fourth crossing of mine presented to its predecessors. My first bondage to Neptune lasted seventy-seven days; my second voyage thirty-five; and my last only twenty-one days. I was now but ten days in performing the same distance—and as many men live to double my present age, perhaps my next trip will be proportionably curtailed.

We landed at Liverpool about noon on Sunday, Sept. 1, 1861. As I stepped ashore, I noticed the opera-bills of "La Somnambula," on the very walls I remembered on my first visit to that city twenty-four years ago. The youthful New Yorker who *then* was so tormented with beggar-girls, was now allowed a wider berth, and my

three companions accompanied me to the George Hotel; where after waiting—I won't say how long—we were allowed to sit down to "joints."

"What will you have to drink?" asked the waiter, as he fancied my friend from Vermont appeared in search of a liquid.

"Water," replied the Down Easter.

"*Water!!!*" ejaculated the grave attendant—and he threw into the expression quite as many notes of exclamation as are here printed.

There was no mistaking the contempt with which such a taste was regarded by our English auxiliary.

In our afternoon stroll, we passed a street-preacher's crowd—and almost the first words I heard were "*h*as in *h*Adam *h*all die," etc. I should hardly think such a trifling cruelty to poor H worth recording, but as subsequently I was frequently commended as an American who spoke "*h*excellent *h*English," I failed to appreciate the force of the compliment.

Having no inclination to describe the sights of Liverpool, I proceed at once to record my notes of what I heard. It must not be inferred, however, that I was indifferent to this enjoyment, or that I failed to visit such objects as endow any locality with celebrity. On the contrary I imagine they yielded me as much pleasure as they could to any one; and even long before I reached the Rhine, my admiration was sufficiently aroused to

do justice to the most enthusiastic tourist. But this being purely personal, the public have no concern in it.

On the third day, while waiting in the rail-car for Birmingham, noticing some stone cutters at work, I inquired their daily wages.

"About four shillings. But why do you ask?"

"To compare them with the wages where I come from."

"Ah!—and where may that be?"

"Well, AMERICA is my country."

"Oh ho!" said one on the opposite seat. "But ar'nt they lucky chaps they never went to New York, where you know the mechanics are now wandering the streets, and begging bread."

As he said this, his eyes glistened with a merry twinkle as he saw our companions leaning forward to listen to the conversation.

"Indeed! Where did you get such information as that?"

"O now, it's no use denying it; we know all about it, and now you are yourself safe in England, you may as well own your republican government's gone to smash."

"But *do* you know anything about the New Yorkers whom you seem so much to pity?"

"Thank God I've only one relative there, and he's at *Pittsburgh;* but come now, tell us about the war, and how you feel after Bull Run."

"Not till I enlighten you a trifle in regard to the reputation and condition of my dear old friend, the busy City of New York. It is just a fortnight this very day since I left her shores. And as for some thirty years I have intimately associated with her citizens, and among her mechanics 'acted many parts,' from errand-boy to employer, claim to *know* something about them. And now let me tell you, my friend, that the mechanics of that place are *not* idle wanderers—far less are they begging bread. The fact is, the great majority are now earning double what you say yonder men are getting—and in the adjacent city of Williamsburgh, where my own family reside, nearly half the population live in their own houses. One of the Savings Banks there has received from the surplus earnings of the men who work across the river near three millions of dollars during the past ten years. This I know of my own knowledge; and I read the other day that the deposits in the New York Savings Banks exceeded in amount that of the entire aggregate in Great Britain ten years since. Do you know how much money is annually remitted from America to England to assist such lucky chaps as those yonder to a land which has not only 'bread and work for all,' but where education is free, and a man is generally treated according to his talents and behavior rather than the 'gentility' of his connections? But as I am now only a visiter, I do not wish to intrude my opinions."

"Go on—go on!"—"Well done for a Yankee!" and similar expressions, soon convinced me that I was really an "object of interest" to my fellow passengers. And now I enjoyed my first grateful experience of the only reconciling palliative for England's amusing dogmatism —her indisputable love of "fair play." No sooner was the first sneer about Bull Run heard by the company, than I felt sure that some of them would gladly see its author brought up with a round turn.

An animated conversation ensued; and as we were listened to attentively, I was not at all reluctant to enjoy my fullest share. One gentleman said he rather liked the Americans, but regretted we were so full of 'bounce' —even now we were threatening to unite our forces and attack France and England.

"We have too many relatives among you for England to give you the 'polishing off' you so richly deserve, but we should like to see some other Power—Russia, for instance—take you in hand, and cure you of filibustering."

Before I could properly thank my friend for his good wishes, another added bluntly—

"You're not an American!"

"How do you know?"

"You neither chew tobacco nor speak through your nose."

"Nor have I ever touched a bowie-knife, or whipped a slave, you might have added to my divergence from

the standard your countrymen seem to entertain of their American cousins."

I noticed one gentleman in particular who seemed to enjoy more than the rest the repartees which good luck enabled me to bestow upon my would-be tormentors, though he uttered not a word. He now handed me his card, remarking—

"I have listened with great interest, and should be happy for my neighbors to experience the pleasure I have enjoyed in hearing you. Will you favor us with a visit?"

Being neither a preacher, lecturer, nor other public character, of course I declined; but the cordiality with which he grasped my hand, and the pleasure which beamed on his countenance, convinced me of his sincerity. I put away his card without particular notice, but on the next day found it was given me by "Rev. ——— ———, of ——— Rectory."

As the passengers rose from their seats, they crowded around me to shake hands. Two of them hoped I did not feel angry at the freedom of their remarks. I could not help laughing outright at so great an absurdity, for I had a strong impression that *they* had the greatest cause for soreness in this little episode of free discussion.

—And now I stepped on to the platform at Birmingham.

CHAPTER II.

BIRMINGHAM—A MODEL LANDLORD AND EMPLOYER—THE "UNION"—DISCUSSION ON THE AMERICAN QUESTION, ETC.

I can hardly imagine a more fortunate combination of circumstances, to both entertain and instruct me, than awaited me in the good luck of tarrying while in Birmingham at the S—— C—— Inn.

Here I found not only the ordinary hotel appliances, but enjoyed in addition to the quiet and comfort of a private house, the personal attentions of the family as well as the host himself, whose gifts and callings were numerous enough to qualify him for a genuine Yankee. Known prominently as an Engineer, his inventions were generally familiar to mechanics; while as an employer, who enjoyed, I might perhaps say the love of his workmen, he had general access to the various industrial hives so numerous in this dense city. He belonged to that rare class who continue to feel interest in the welfare of his fellows instead of subsiding into the passive enjoyment

of his own accumulations. His reputation as the jovial landlord of a very popular inn, was no less owing to his own irrepressible sociality, than to the numerous mechanical and scientific entertainments he was in the habit of giving in his large hall. That such a man should feel no pleasure in hearing of the "great republican wreck," as a townsman called it, was not much to be wondered at; and when he found there were two sides to that story,—well, I won't say much more; but I had no reason to complain of my welcome.

While seated in the parlor of this cosy hotel, a tall gentleman entered, taking a seat apparently in a dejected mood. In a moment my friend the mechanician appeared, and introduced me as "Mr. ———, from New York."

The visitor looked at me a moment before speaking, but then said:

"Are you for the Union?"

"Of course—what is there about me to suspect otherwise?"

"Countryman! give me your hand!"—and he bounded toward me, and in a voice tremulous with emotion, added—

"Oh! the stories you will hear about our own dear country! But give me your hand! give me your hand; we know what a country we came from!"

He told me that although an American, he had been

a resident of Birmingham many years; and he had always felt proud to speak of his country till the commencement of this rebellion; but such reports were now circulated, that he enjoyed the opportunity of learning from one so recently from America as myself, whether it were indeed true that our cities were given over to riotous mobs.

"Keep easy—it was'nt so a few weeks since—nor do I fear it to be our fate, or I would not already feel anxious about returning."

This parlor, in which American periodicals abounded, had long been the resort of visitors from the United States, and of late, conversation had been almost exclusively on the war now raging. The general result appeared to be an admission of the destruction which it was asserted had overtaken the nation, and the "South Side" view of the question being in wonderful harmony with their supposed pecuniary prosperity, was the prevailing sentiment. Nevertheless, the host would occasionally indulge a sly satire on his Secesh patrons, which was always taken good naturedly, they being in such comfortable majority. He soon learned that I was even "better posted" in the arguments he himself used—thanks to my business—and I readily promised to be present with a few friends he invited to have a chat on the American Question. I was hardly aware of the work I had undertaken, but felt it was

too late to back out; and when the evening arrived, met his friends with a cheerful confidence. Only the salient points of the long discussion have I room for:

"Own up candidly, now, don't you wish you had a strong Government like ours, to carry you through your troubles?"

"The strength of our Government is not yet exhausted."

"Are you not ashamed of your national hypocrisy in pretending to favor liberty, when none of you at the North have ever manifested a willingness to pay honorably for the abolition of slavery, as we did—spending twenty millions for that purpose."

"Another error. To say nothing of the last effort at compromise, compensated emancipation has always had advocates in America; and your own favorite, 'the Learned Blacksmith,' knows such societies have existed, and the Secretary of one of them is now in this very room."

"Well, you will admit that English mechanics have difficulty in gaining employment in America, on account of prejudice."

"The reverse is the fact; on the contrary, I think the prejudice in *favor* of foreign importations continues a great deal too long. Of my own trade I speak confidently, and I do know that in Harpers' large establishment in New York, not only are Englishmen freely employed, but their situations are not forfeited by all the

sneers and grumbling they continue to manifest toward the land they so voluntarily enter."

"How can you expect sympathy when you have enacted the Morrill Tariff?"

"When you will show me an Englishman solicitous for a tariff palatable to Frenchmen, and other foreigners, then, perhaps, I will concede the propriety of our tariff being enacted for your special accommodation."

Our talk lasted several hours—the utmost good feeling prevailing; and as I retired that night, felt as though I had cleared away a considerable number of cobwebs.

I went around to the various factories, rolling mills, &c., and had lengthy conversations with both employers and employed. The effect of the conflict was now sensibly felt, and I was glad to hear the resignation of those on whom it pressed the hardest. One gentleman, who heard my reply to certain Alabamians, promised to procure me the Town Hall, if I would consent to repeat what I then said.

But other sights and scenes attracted me; and in a few days I went down into Shropshire.

CHAPTER III.

SHROPSHIRE—LUDLOW CASTLE—A MODERN HERCULANEUM—WHAT A WINE MERCHANT SAID.

My chief inducements to visit Ludlow, were the celebrated Castle at that place, and to see an acquaintance whom I knew in Massachusetts. "Ludlow Castle" had been literally "household words" in our family; and as the Great Original greeted me in all its indescribable grandeur, I recognized the fidelity of the painting left in our parlor, and gladly fulfilled the promise made to the "loved ones at home," that I should by all means visit it.

As I found myself walking up the principal street of this queer and old-fashioned town, I was almost painfully oppressed with a feeling of solitude and stagnation. Although in the middle of the day, I saw but two or three adults on the pavements; and the length and thickness of the grass, which, in many places almost covered the paving-stones, seemed in strange contrast to my previous experience. So little change had thirty years made in the place, that although I now visited it

for the first time, I began to recognize various objects from their relative position to others I had heard talked about.

I entered a house.

"Is Mrs. A—— at home?"

This inquiry was made of a girl perhaps eighteen years old.

"Ees Zur!"—and her knees almost reached the ground in the descent of the courtesy she made in reply. A few more inquiries were answered in such a manner as to impress me with the belief that she was either an idiot, or was burlesquing the business. But as her master and mistress soon appeared, and were similarly treated, of course I saw it was "the custom of the country."

Wishing to ride a few miles from the town, I was furnished with a driver and vehicle from an inn; and we were soon on our way. My conductor was very inquisitive when he learned I was from America; and having heard of the "war," he wished me to tell him whether the Indians there would not be tempted to attack the whites, now that the latter had got fighting among themselves?

"Well, there's a wigwam near the Tribune office, and their proceedings *have* been rather boisterous of

late; but the tribe of Tammany have long ceased to be numerous enough to return to tomahawking."

We were riding through a country of exceeding beauty, culture and fertility. Not a gate, fence or bridge, but seemed in the best possible condition; and the road, also, had received such care as to make riding perfectly luxurious.

We alighted at a small cottage.

The lady I was searching for was then visiting a relative at this place, and before the latter entered the room, Mrs. R——— begged me to excuse the "country manners" of her niece. I expected a little awkwardness, bad grammar, or temporary embarrassment; but hardly for the specimen of *English* which greeted me from one of England's fairest vales.

I rose at her entrance, and was about bidding her a "good afternoon," when she avoided my offered hand, and dropping so low a courtesy as to show that it was not a recently acquired accomplishment, said, almost as soon as she caught sight of me—

"I be's no schollard!—I be's no schollard!"

Wishing to place her at ease as soon as possible, and relieve us from an embarrassment which was rapidly augmenting, I ventured to say —"how pleasant are the

green fields after a sea voyage;" but she again quickly blurted out:

"I be's no schollard!—I be's no schollard!" and left the room without further remark. This person was a farmer's wife—mother of a fine family—and "very respectably connected."

I returned to the inn called "*The Feathers*," and after supper, was shown up stairs into a room ornamented with the quaint devices of antiquity. The coats-of-arms, chilly-looking cherubs, and nondescript anatomies of angels whose *beauty* would hardly secure them from falling, had a curious effect—and I longed for a companion of "spiritualistic" persuasion that we might hold converse in this Chamber of the Past.

The next morning I visited the celebrated Castle; and the frequent descriptions I had read and heard of it, made me somewhat familiar with its peculiarities. It is undoubtedly a "fine old ruin," yet am I not ashamed to confess that the town itself interested me fully as much. I had a certain affection for one of the houses there, where my wife had spent a portion of her girlhood; and after visiting it, and somewhat astonishing its tenants that Americans were so much like Englishmen, left for a minute inspection of this very essence of quaintness.

It was while resident here, that my wife had been pupil of a Miss Powell; and as we had frequently heard that she still survived, and her brothers also, it seemed a good opportunity for me to call and acknowledge our appreciation of her labors. One of these brothers was a wine merchant; and from him I expected to learn the address of his sister, whose memory was still so tenderly cherished by her former pupil, now in a foreign land. To Mr. Powell's door I therefore repaired.

"I am a stranger in Ludlow, sir, and having spent a day or two very pleasantly here, have called on you to acquaint you that my wife, who is now in New York, was formerly under the instruction of Miss P—, your sister, in this town. Having invariably heard her spoken of with the most affectionate respect, I hope she will be glad to hear she is kindly remembered by one of her old pupils; and I, sir, beg to add my own good wishes for her welfare."

"Hem! hem! What then, sir?"

"Why, I should like to obtain her address from you, or hope you will acquaint her with my visit."

Mr. P——— made no reply, but stood playing with an enormous bunch of watch-seals, etc. Thinking that he was merely of a taciturn disposition, I made a few common-place remarks, hoping it would be unnecessary

for me to remind him of my object. In the course of conversation, I told him what a novelty it was to my experience, to be in such a place as Ludlow—that it was a strange sight, to a New Yorker, to walk among houses and streets for hours, without seeing either carpenters, builders, stone-cutters or painters employed—as I had done that very day; when he told me I was betraying "the usual Yankee ignorance," for during the past year, no less than ten thousand pounds had been spent on public improvements. This assertion somewhat astounded me, and I was about calculating how many such cottages as appeared in view could be erected for that sum, and how unfortunate I was in being unable to witness for myself the least confirmation of his remark. I timidly inquired in what portion of the town said improvements had been made, when I was told that St. Lawrence's church had been—"restored;" new stained glass windows inserted, and so on. The mystery was solved; and as I found I had unintentionally wounded the vanity of my lord, and would probably not mend the matter by inquiring how he arrived at the conclusion that the town of Ludlow and St. Lawrence's church were one and the same thing, I attempted to revert to my original request.

"No, sir, I do not choose to furnish you with her address. You, who are an utter stranger to me, ought to

have known better than to make so unreasonable a request."

"Pardon me, sir, but I have already told you my name; here is my card with my London address also; and as you seem to be somewhat suspicious of strangers, Dr. Adams, on the other side of the street, will vouch for my respectability;" and I held out my card for his acceptance. He motioned it away, and replied, as near as I can remember,

"I will have nothing to do with either you or your card. You are an American, whose chief delight is to depreciate everything in Britain, while you hate us with a hatred only born of envy. Americans are now being found out in their true character, and I only wish there were more John Bulls as honest as myself, to show you we utterly despise you."

This tirade took me so by surprise, that I could not utter another word. To be so treated by one whom I had called to compliment, was a disagreeable experience. I felt my cheek tingle with an indignation impossible to describe as I left the house; but have had no similar experience since.

I returned to the "Feathers;" and learning that the train for Shrewsbury left at eight in the morning, inquired if I could have my breakfast in time to proceed

by that conveyance. Being informed that I could, I retired with that intention. I awoke about seven o'clock, and went down stairs to see where my breakfast had been laid. For some five minutes no one could be found, but at length a sleepy looking girl with a disgustingly dirty face made her appearance, and commenced sweeping out the bar-room. To my enquiries, I could only draw from her that "Missus wasn't awake yet," and all hopes of breakfast were at once postponed. It now only lacked thirteen minutes of the time of departure, and I begged the girl to furnish me with my bill. Still no "Missus" or deputy made her appearance, and just as I began to wonder if it would be safe to depart, leaving them to hunt for their pay as I had for my bill, a young woman, rather more stylish than the first, met my eye, and I again offered to pay, as I had but a few moments to spare. After rummaging, first for paper, then for ink, and then for a pen that could be persuaded to make a mark, the damsel produced a document which I lost no time in having receipted. I had moved a few steps toward the door when a shrill voice reached me—

"You haven't paid the chambermaid."

"And how much is her charge, and why not included in the bill?"

This item having also been satisfied, again I re-

sumed my journey down the street, but had proceeded only a few steps, when a dirty little fellow suddenly uprose before me, with the exclamation—"Boots, sir!" Although I should willingly have compensated him for his professional services had they been performed, I was somewhat surprised that he had the "cheek" to ask for his fee, while allowing me to leave his domain with such dirty boots as I then wore.

Such was the best accommodation this town of some two thousand inhabitants contained to welcome visitors and travellers.

I was just in time for the train, and found a dozen or so of reapers. Although they were undoubtedly Englishmen, their language sounded horribly harsh and discordant, while the utter absence of intellectuality from their countenances, led me to wonder in what part of the States a parallel could be produced. I was glad when we arrived at Shrewsbury, and as it was some three hours before a train left there for London, availed myself of the opportunity to walk about the town. After satisfying my curiosity for the quaint and grotesque, I began to hunger for breakfast. My eye caught a tidy-looking house with the inscription, "Meals at all hours." I entered, asking for breakfast—not particular what it was, so that it could be soon produced. After waiting

up stairs some ten minutes, I went to the door, and heard the "Missus" blowing up the fire with a pair of bellows, and the servant with her own sweet tongue. Inferring that it would be some time before the water would boil, I again strolled down the main street, and went into a book store for a daily paper. "Haven't got to-day's yet, sir; but here's Thursday's Salopian Journal." Forgiving the man for offering a New York printer a newspaper three days old, I found my way back to my breakfast, which I enjoyed exceedingly; having finished which, I went by the next train to London.

CHAPTER IV.

ARRIVAL IN LONDON—OMNIBUS CONVERSATION—"GOOD NEWS FROM HOME."

Arriving at the Paddington Station, I entered an omnibus for one of the "eastern districts." Somewhat fatigued with my long ride, I intended to take advantage of the hour or two now left to rest myself, and prepare for the long story to be told my relatives in —— street. But from this I was debarred entirely, by a fellow passenger with a smiling countenance, inquiring of me—

"'Ave you 'eard the news?"

The question being repeated before I replied, even then did I rather abstractedly rejoin,

"Yes—that is, no. I don't believe it."

I had heard the evening papers cried for sale, and supposed reference was had to some of "Reuter's telegrams."

"I hope it *is* true, though; and why do you discredit it, sir?" said another.

"What news?"

"That the American Rebels have suffered a serious reverse," and his countenance indicated plainly that he *did* "hope it was true."

This indeed was an auspicious re-entry to my native city, to find a resident rejoicing in good news from my adopted country—and my tongue was loosed in a moment.

"Well," said I, "if it is not true yet, I hope it soon will be"—

"And so do I; for, after all, the Americans, as you may say, are next to English, and it's a pity their government should go down so soon."

I informed my querist that since I had been in England I had heard and read such absurd statements, that I was afraid I should lose my patience in denying them.

"Then you're from America yourself, as I suspected."

"Both *from* America, and *for* America," said I, already anticipating the delights of the "homeward bound."

"How I should like to visit your glorious country! Will you not take a seat outside with me, that we may converse as far as we ride together?"

I mounted to the top, and he kept up a brisk conversation, exerting himself to describe the objects of in-

terest as we passed them. He was as inquisitive as any Yankee I ever fell in with, and obtained my name, business, and destination with a rapidity which was just beginning to awaken my suspicions, which were not dissipated when he told me he should prolong his ride from the hotel he intended staying at, and accompany me to King William street, that he might enjoy my conversation! Whatever interest my talk may have had to him, his own narration was an agreeable experience to myself. He was frank and intelligent to a high degree; said his father was in Government employ, and hated the Yankees intensely. For himself, as he had frequently come to London on business, which brought him in contact with men from "the States," he was of quite different opinion, and his prospects being those unpromising ones of an English younger son, led him to anticipate a not very distant transfer to the Western World.

I reached the house which was my destination, only to learn that the Brother I had so longed to see once more, had been conveyed to the tomb but three days previously. The grief at his loss was alleviated by the united testimony of his family, that his affection continued for me, to his last hour. * * * *

CHAPTER V.

LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION—WEST END DINNERS—DEGRADATION OF BUSINESS MEN.

One of the first letters which I delivered after my arrival in the great city, was that which a worthy New Yorker had sent by me to his brother, whose establishment in the fashionable part of London bore a similar relation to others which Stewart's does to the "stores" of Manhattan. The gentleman was rather formal and reserved at our first interview; but at the second, seemed so interested in what I found to talk about, that he pressed me to dine with himself, family and friends, at his villa in St. John's Wood. As the house was some four or five miles from my headquarters, I felt rather reluctant to keep the late hours which seemed a necessary sequence. But hoping that I could obtain an early withdrawal, or perhaps be invited to tarry all night, I kept the appointment, and soon found myself surrounded by gentlemen and ladies whose only eulogium at my hands shall be that they *were* ladies and gentlemen in reality. However superior the advantages they

possessed over myself in scholarship, statesmanship, and the graces of refined and fashionable society, they courteously made me forget the disparity, as they allowed my tongue to run on enthusiastically in vindication of Republican Government.

It was only when I noticed a repeated look of incredulity, as I spoke of myself as a *visitor* only, that they felt like convincing me of the folly of entertaining the hope of ever again reurning to Ameri ca.

"I wonder that any one can wish to leave England who has had opportunity of witnessing and enjoying her peace and prosperity."

"We are not the least surprised at the failure of republican government in such a crisis," said another.

"Yet we really feel sorry; for the more cultivated and intelligent Americans are so very much like Englishmen."

"Are there not many among your upper classes who would gladly favor the re-establishment of a monarchy?"

"I really think our Government would be justified in preventing the further effusion of blood."

"But one good result must inevitably follow. Some of our foolish colonies will see the fate awaiting them if they dissolve their connection with the mother country."

And so passed away the evening, with entire good humor on both sides. While they could scarce refrain from alluding to my destitution of the attributes they supposed universal to Americans, on my own part I was puzzled to meet so much geniality and courtesy of the highest kind sandwiched in among so much misconception of American character, and that amusing British assumption of superiority so ridiculous to all but its possessors.

As midnight approached, and carriage after carriage bore away my agreeable companions, I began to feel uneasy at my own carriageless condition, yet hesitated to withdraw while in doubt whether I was expected to remain all night. But at length the host's son hastily informed me that the "last omnibus" was approaching, and handing me my hat, accompanied me some distance, but not far enough to witness my disappointment in finding the vehicle a private affair; and myself left to trudge nearly all the way to Charing Cross before a cab bore down to convey me to the precincts of St. George's. It may "not be etiquette" in England to invite a visitor to remain all night; but I hope, for the sake of my British brethren, such a fashion will not soon take root in American cities.

In a conversation with Mr. O———, which I had subsequently in the city, he was profuse in his compliments at my deportment; but inviting me to repeat my visit to St. John's Wood, said—

"Mr. T———, I hope you believe that *I* esteem you none the less for your peculiar republicanism; and therefore, excuse me if I suggest to you that when you again meet my friends, avoid all reference to having ever been in business, but fall in both with those who affect to despise it, as well as those who really do."

For a moment I wondered how I could possibly have said anything contaminated by that hateful word "business," while in such an entirely unbusinesslike mood and condition.

My friend further explained himself—

"Why, a gentleman actually came to me during the evening, and asked me if it were true that you were a printer—that he understood you to say so?"

"I do not remember making that assertion; but surely you do not wish me to deny it?"

"Oh! but you did! Don't you remember what you said about the leader of the Canadian Parlia-

ment, and his formerly publishing a tory newspaper in New York?"

"That he was a specimen of—"

"'Intensified bigotry' you called it, adding, 'I knew him well, from the time I printed the British Chronicle for him.'"

I was guilty, by my own confession—of being a printer!

And how was my host to palliate such duplicity to his guests as was involved in inviting them to hear "a gentleman from America," who betrayed himself to be only a printer!

"You do not appear, my dear Sir, to see this matter as we do. You might just as well have enjoyed the reputation of a *litterateur*, scholar or statesman, as you evidently could"—(I bowed at the compliment)—"as speaking so bluntly about your confounded printing office. Now do avoid it in future."

I had promised myself much pleasure in resuming our chat at St. John's Wood; but this intimation that the company were so "highly genteel" as to expect me to be ashamed of my connection with the Divine Art, which had enabled me to enjoy the delights of

travel, neutralized my aspirations, and I at once exempted my really kind friend from further liability to anxiety on my account.

CHAPTER VI.

ENGLISH GENTILITY—"WOODBINE COTTAGE"—PRIDE AND POVERTY.

Having been accidentally reminded that there was a family in London who had been profuse in their epistolary acknowledgments of gratitude for certain pecuniary assistance rendered to a member of it on his advent to our Western shores, I thought it "would pay" to look in upon them, and afford them the opportunity, if they felt disposed, to reimburse me at least the money I had once loaned a scion of this family, whom I invariably heard extolled as being "so very genteel!" An omnibus and a few minutes' walk brought me, one fine afternoon, to the gate of "Woodbine Cottage." As I now recollected its master was in Government employ, and also the many "airs" his own "heir" indulged in during his intercourse with the men of Manhattan, a doubt arose in my mind as to the propriety of my alluding to so insig-

nificant a sum as £5 in such a circle. Nevertheless, as I had already found even so small an amount would go a good way in some matters, and feeling somewhat inclined to test the sincerity of their protestations of gratitude, I rang the bell.

The servant, having paid the usual tribute of delay to inexorable Etiquette, at length appeared, with becoming gravity.

Before presenting my card, I inquired if Mrs. F——— was at home.

"Who is it?" reached my ears in a rather loud whisper.

I was about sending up my name, when the whim took possession of me to indulge them with an "agreeable surprise"—so I responded quickly:

"A friend from New York."

"The name, please sir, and I'll see if master's home."

I hadn't the heart to continue an unmoved witness of the struggle to own "at home" or "not at home,' so I gave my name,—one of that rare class which is never confounded with another.

I was quite politely received, it is true, and informed that letters received from their son had spoken of my having been "very kind" to him in a foreign land, among strangers.

"Ed. had no reason to leave England—and I do hope he will never disgrace his family. We feel vexed at him for going to America, when Sir ——— as good as said he could get him an appointment. Besides, the Secretary of Lord ———'s estate promised to put him in the way of promotion—and you know his uncle was many years in the *Juke's* service—oh! Sir, there was no need of his emigrating—of course not!"

"Do you wish him to return?"

"Oh no, no, no. But we feel sorry lest he should lose all his advantages among that uncultivated and vulgar nation."

As I compared the fervor of their writings with the present formality, and doubted whether it were worth while to repeat my visit, Mrs. F——— exclaimed,

"You must come when ——— is at home. They will be so delighted at seeing one from America."

As the lady accompanied me to the door, a lad brought a small paper parcel, which I was about taking to pass to her, when with an assumption of dignity which to me appeared ridiculous, she waved her hand, and calling her servant, made the messenger wait till that important accessory to her "position" made her appearance.

Hardly able to decide whether disgust or amusement

preponderated at such puerile pomposity, I concluded I would let a subsequent visit decide my halting judgment.

In a week or two, then, did I again halt at the "Woodbine Cottage." There were several more members of the family now present, who seemed glad to hear of the health and prosperity of their absent relative

But as the evening progressed, Mr. Half-Pay Officer became rather more pointed than polite in his opinions of the Americans. As he dilated with intense gusto on "Repudiation," I was reminded of the "glass house" he himself occupied.

"Englishmen always pay their debts!" said he.

"Then I have lately heard gross slanders of many who now live in America."

I drew him aside, asking him if he ever intended to go to the United States.

"Not I indeed! Why do you ask?"

"To learn how you intend performing the promise you have made me three times to repay me what I lent your son."

"Oh! ah!—hem!—did *I* say I would pay it?"

"Your letters did—shall I produce them?"

"Quite unnecessary—my word is my bond.—But really—really———"

"Well, I hoped you would need no such reminder; but since you have provoked it, I think you ought to pay me—or on that topic at least, 'forever after hold your peace.'"

He affected to regard this allusion as jocose; but the keen ears of his wife had got an inkling of what we were talking about; and shortly after, seating herself by my side, she made most grateful acknowledgments to me, and assured me of her intention to pay, and keep it a secret from her husband. Again I felt the insignificance of the sum, and regretted I had been betrayed into any reference to it.

At her urgent request, however, I called on an appointed day to receive the money; but with many apologies Mrs. F——— begged a further extension. How many times this indulgence was repeated, I am ashamed to write, for both our sakes; but their financial enterprise at length resulted in enabling them to raise £2 towards the amount; and that sum took "all hands" of this pretentious Hypocrite Hall seven or eight weeks to accumulate.

My only apology for thus alluding to so trivial a personal affair, is that I subsequently found a large number of families in various parts of Britain, who, while apparently enjoying both comfort and luxury, were

even continually pinched for sufficiency of food—living in such a hand-to-mouth condition that their private tables are as meagrely furnished as one I remember witnessing at a fashionable Boarding School on the Hudson River.

The bondage which a class of Englishmen endure in their endeavor to "keep up appearances," must be seen to be believed—and to one who so heartily detests all manner of shams as myself, it forcibly confirms the axiom that "pride and poverty" go together.

CHAPTER VII.

LECTURE ON AMERICA—THE WAR—ELECTION OF LINCOLN—THE ANECDOTE OF THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

Among the many enormous posters and handbills which the bill-stickers of London were bestowing upon her citizens, I noticed one with the familiar heading of "America," which, of course, instantly magnetized me into its perusal. "The War"—"North and South"—"President Lincoln," &c., &c., were duly set forth as the topics of a lecture to be delivered by H. Vincent at the Commercial St. Chapel. At the hour appointed, I found myself nearly in the centre of a large congregation assembled to hear this popular lecturer, and on the most interesting topic he could select—"The War in America." I rightly inferred the gentleman to be the celebrated Chartist leader of previous years, and my natural interest to hear the lecturer, increased my curiosity to see how the subject would fare at his hands.

The discourse was rather lengthy, but in the aggregate a tolerably impartial statement of the history and condition of affairs. There were many points intended to be particularly complimentary to us, which were sometimes more fulsome than accurate. But an evidently sincere belief in the general inferiority of Americans to Britons so continually "cropped out" during the evening, that I was forcibly reminded of the cow and the bountiful pail of milk.

At length he essayed to recite the Lincoln Anecdote —and as its author has since become responsible for a larger progeny than he perhaps cares to own, I will restore this one its birthright. The story was intended to compliment the American President on his domestic virtues, and related how, on the evening the electoral votes were being received at the various telegraph stations, Abraham being at the Springfield Office, noted the figures as they ranged in the alternate columns. When enough were in the right column to indicate his election, it was said that the tall rail-splitter broke away from his congratulators, remarking, "There's a little woman down the street who would like to hear that!" and made his own family the first participants in his fame and fortune. It was a very good anecdote in its

time, and I well remember its going the rounds of the newspapers.

But, shades of Grimaldi! how was it now rendered! The lecturer, who was really a handsome man, suddenly threw himself into such unnatural contortions in attempting to imitate the supposed appearance of the six-footer, as quickly to excite the risibles of the most sedate of his hearers. But when he repeated the words, "W-a-a-ll—neow! I guess there's a little woman," &c., with a *nasality* past endurance, the roars of laughter at the pronunciation were absolutely deafening. A little coloring or exaggeration was perhaps allowable, but to lead such an audience to believe that the chosen head of the United States should be such a boor, was undoing all his previous work.

"Can it be possible they believe we talk like *that?*" said I to my companion.

"Of course they do—for Mr. Vincent is regarded one of your nation's staunchest friends."

In a few minutes more the lecturer took his seat, and the pastor of the congregation, who had acted as chairman, came forward to "make a few remarks" preliminary to the usual vote of thanks in such cases. As he fumbled and deliberated with

what seemed to me provoking prolixity, I stood up and had ejaculated, "Mr. Moderator," before I had time to "collect my thoughts" in proper phraseology. An enthusiastic impulse took entire possession of my faculties to repel this gross caricature of American speech, and I repeated in a tone which surprised even myself,—"Mr. Moderator,—Allow me to thank the gentleman"—in an instant I had an attentive audience, and profiting in the happy accident of this complimentary entering wedge, I repeated yet more distinctly and composedly—"Allow me to thank the gentleman, not only on my own behalf, but for those of my countrymen now present, for his general impartiality and accuracy in the lecture of this evening. In the odium and misrepresentation we are now experiencing, it is indeed agreeable to be relieved with even the credit which the gentleman bestows upon us to-night—not so much perhaps, for entire accuracy of detail, as for the apparent desire to modify the misapprehension which has so strangely taken root about our affairs. I therefore most heartily thank him for the tribute of justice he now pays us, at the same time that I beg his permission to correct some slight inaccuracies into which he has fallen."

The gentleman rose, and nodding an assent, I continued—

"Your lecturer has given you an anecdote of our President, and imitated his supposed pronunciation to your evident amusement. Now if his other delineations were not a little more accurate, I could not conscientiously endorse them—and as I find a general belief that we talk in the manner you have heard, I must here deny it, for it is far from the fact. I have myself been in most of the States, and particularly in those which we ourselves term 'Yankee,' and where the nasal twang vibrates its most discordant notes. But never, even there, does it assume such proportions as you have heard represented."

I then imitated as faithfully as possible the three tones peculiar to the Eastern, Middle, and Southern States. Quite emboldened at the attention paid to my remarks, I continued, in a strain of self-possession as astonishing to myself as the interruption had been to the audience—

"Not only do we not talk as you have heard represented, but I confidently assert—and challenge any in this assembly who have ever been there to contradict me—that throughout the entire length and breadth of our national domain we speak the language more uni-

formly correct than is done even in this populous city of London."

And now followed a reward quite sufficient for my highest ambition. Clapping of hands, cheers, waving of handkerchiefs, and the like, soon confirmed my conviction that the English *people* gladly hear testimony which is reliable to the credit of their "American cousins."

Resuming my seat, the Moderator said to me,

"Will the gentleman give his views as to the period of the war, and which party he supposes will eventually triumph?"

"My own opinion coincides with what Mr. Vincent has already given you."

"I should like to hear your sentiments as to the propriety of our Government interfeing to prevent further bloodshed."

"I think foreign intervention would be useless if not positively hurtful to both parties. For myself, I would only say, 'Keep out of our family quarrel if you wish to remain friends. Respect our rights—be honest in your neutrality,—and don't let the cotton now accumulating at New Orleans, Savannah, and Charleston, tempt you—and we shall have no ground of complaint.'"

As this modest hint for them to mind their own

business had been brought out so happily, another round of applause greeted me, and I took my seat literally "overcome with emotion."

As I passed out of the pew, ladies and gentlemen gathered round me congratulating me for my remarks. A gentleman insisted on taking me up to the platform, where he introduced me to the lecturer and others. One lady remarked, "Oh! it was so manly for you to speak up for your country." As my companion claimed me for a Briton, this compliment to my courage was endured with becoming resignation and I went home—*no longer afraid to speak in public,*

CHAPTER VIII.

LONDON GIN PALACES—BLACK MEAT—ROSEMARY LANE.

One evening, as I had just settled myself to enjoy the perusal of a batch of New York papers, I heard the servant, addressing the family where I was tarrying, exclaim—

"It's *h*open at last—and there's sich a crowd!"

I was informed this was said in reference to a new gin palace which was in the neighborhood.

"Oh, you should see that!" said my hostess, "for it is in opposition to the ——— House, and makes a great display."

Rather reluctant than otherwise to witness scenes of debasement and misery, I allowed myself to be persuaded to go round there for a few minutes. A gentleman present told me to leave off my watch and chain, took off my spectacles for safety, and pulling down my slouchy Kossuth well over my eyes,

expressed the hope that I would be able to return uninjured in person or property. Having taken me to "Shovel Alley," he pointed the direction for me to take, and left me to my chances. I was borne along by the crowd till we reached the new house, which was densely packed with men, women, and children. The blaze of gaslight falling far across the street, revealed the wan features of the miserable creatures who were clustered around. Some half dozen boys stood in a circle with fifes, whistles, and mouth-organs, endeavoring to drown the noise of a similar *band* at the rival beer-shop on the other side. On all the faces which met my gaze during that half hour's contemplation, indeed was "poverty, hunger and dirt;" while the odor from the rags in which the crowd were clad, became so sickening, that I was soon glad to retreat.

On my way back, I noticed again the butcher-shops with the little piles of scrap-meat scattered over the tables in front. Black, and fly-blown, and tainted as they appeared, I could hardly believe they were ticketed, 2d, 2½, 3d, etc., for human palates, till I saw repeated the longing eyes cast thereon by the poor bipeds who *sometimes* thus invested some of their coppers; but there was a suggestive disproportion in the sale of the two commodities.

As I remembered Dickens' visit to our Five Points, and the revelation of the vice and dissipation of our

city eye sore, I could not help contrasting the picture he then witnessed among our *foreign* residents, and that now before me of the *natives*, and the infantile depravity and deformity which added to the horror of the spectacle now before me.

CHAPTER IX.

VISIT TO A WORKHOUSE—THE PANCRAS "CASUALS."

In one of my daily perambulations, I had met a fellow craftsman who, like myself, was visiting his native city. Owing to a former personal variance not necessary to be here related, our friendship had lately suffered considerable condensation; but no sooner did we meet on soil which actually seemed *for ign* to both of us than our feelings rapidly mounted to their former fervency, and we made many excursions together. This man was even more indignant at what he heard of our country than myself. Being of much more impulsive and ardent temperament than I was, and finding our impressions wonderfully alike, he took me further into his confidence, and revealed to me sufficient events in his history for the material of a respectable novel. Of the truth of his whole narrative I was soon convinced; for he had worked by my side many years before, and I knew from other sources the reason of his emigration to America.

His urgency at length overcame my reluctance to witness more of the misery of the poor; when he offered as a final enticement for me to accompany him, that he would show me the original character which furnished Dickens with his celebrated Oliver Twist—and the table where he asked for "more."

So my friend took my arm, and on the way entertained me with considerable portions of his personal history, and when he stopped at the door of this large building, said to me,

"This is where *I graduated.*"

Then turning to the clerk, added—

"Will you allow me to look at your records of admissions for 183–?"

"For what purpose?"

"Only to learn when ——— was admitted."

"You're not from another parish—eh?" in a suspicious manner.

It appears there is still such a constant shoving away of parochial protection, that the Bumbles are very chary of letting strangers have access to their documents.

"Oh! indeed, I am not on that errand. I have fared in various ways since I left this place; but

I assure you there is not the least danger that I shall ever voluntarily become your boarder again. Come, I want to see the exact date when I *ran away* from here, for that is the object of my visit."

We were taken to a room, the shelves of which contained the numerous volumes and records of parochial matters.

"Yes! gentlemen!" said my friend, while the "Master" and his clerk were hunting up the book desired,—"I once was an inmate here, and was ungrateful enough to *run away*."

"Ah! sure enough," said Mr. Morrison, "here it is—Ernest H———; admitted, Sept. –, 183–;" and turning to his clerk—"and there it is again, marked 'ran away.' Why, it's just as he said."

"Thank you," said Mr. H———. "And will you allow me to pilot my old friend here through the various wards?"

Permission was given, and my companion hastily explained the emotion he betrayed by informing me that owing to an intemperate parent, he had been placed in that institution in his infancy.

When Mr. Morrison found we were both from America, he manifested the utmost desire to entertain us; and after alluding to our unhappy struggle, and

expressing his evident regret at the calamity, remarked that his sympathies could hardly be called in question—for he had espoused an American wife—and it was not long ere we were all dining at the same table.

My friend "Oliver" as I might call him, entertained us so much that it was now *our* turn to press him to continue his narrative; and after a dinner which had prolonged itself into tea, he walked back with me to my lodgings, congratulating himself that he had been the first to meet an American lady in the dingy city of London.

Mr. Morrison invited us to call again at an earlier hour of the day, and more leisurely investigate the institution and its inmates.

A week or two afterwards, we therefore entered its portals; and while sauntering down its main hall, a man touched my friend on his shoulder, asking if he was Mr.———?

"That's my name."

"Mr. Morrison's compliments, and says the Board is in session, and would like you to meet them in its Committee Room."

We followed our guide.

On entering the room, I was struck with the num-

ber of white-haired old gentlemen who sat round the large table.

Mr. Morrison introduced my friend.

"This is Mr. ——— who called last week. He is just from America, and I have been quite interested in his account of his experience in that country."

The business was suspended—we were proffered seats, and a gentleman said to Mr. H.,

"We have been told that you are an Englishman, who has lived long in America—that you now are a naturalized citizen of the United States,—that you have had somewhat of an eventful life—at one time an inmate of this house—and are now on a pleasure visit to this place of your nativity.—Will you give us a brief narrative of your experience?"

"Yes, gentlemen! since you no longer suspect me of wishing your benefactions, I may with propriety enlighten you how my changed condition renders such application exceedingly improbable.

"It is true that I am a native of St. Pancras. It is also true that I was once a pauper—and your books testify that I ran away from here in 1832. For that youthful folly I paid due penalty

in being imprisoned in the "Black Hole" nearly under our feet here; but since my second escape, I have taken root on western shores, where I assure you, gentlemen, not even the present fratricidal conflict will tempt me to abandon. Yes! gentlemen, here in my native parish, do I linger round scenes of former suffering, only to feel the more grateful that for many years my lines have fallen in pleasant places."

A considerable pause ensued, no one of the company seeming prepared to respond to my friend's apostrophe.

At length, however, a gentleman rose, and after putting a few questions to Mr. H. respecting the names of the officers who then had charge of the edifice, and satisfying himself of their correctness, he said,

"Gentlemen, *I* was on the Board at that time, and testify to the correctness of what you have heard. And now" (turning to a colleague), "do you really wish such a nation to go down? No! indeed you *do not!*—and for my own part, I thank God there is such a country for such lads as this gentleman once was, to find a refuge in.—I thank God from the depths of my heart!"

* * * * * *

A man was sent with us to conduct us to the various wards—and when we reached the vault known as the "Black Hole," my friend was so carried away by his feelings that I left him comparing his past and present position to the evident incredulity of the attendant.

At a subsequent visit to this place, Mr. Morrison asked us one evening if we would like to see the admission of the usual evening "casuals." He explained to us that at nine o'clock every evening, the Poor Laws required the various "Unions" to admit such destitute vagrants as might apply at that hour, and give them shelter for the night. Accordingly we accompanied him to the side entrance at Agartown, and heard the appeals of the vile wretches who crowded the gateway every night. It was a sad spectacle—so sad that although it is a part of "what I heard" abroad, I relinquish my intention of recording it; and dismiss it with remarking that on that one evening I saw more squalor, filth and depravity, than I had ever before witnessed in the same time.

CHAPTER X.

LONDON IN THE DAYS OF "BURKING."

When a mere lad of some ten or twelve years, I was accosted in a London street by a man who asked me if I would accompany him home and receive some marbles. Although his personal appearance was rather forbidding, the temptation proved too alluring for me to resist, and I walked by his side for a few minutes,—when the thought suddenly struck me that such liberality was rather remarkable. It was when the Londoners had just been made aware of the horrors of "Burking," as it was called—by the revelation of the murder of an Italian boy by this method—which consisted in suddenly stifling the victim by covering his face with a large plaster. I was a newspaper reader even at that early age—and as I fancied my companion eyed me very sharply, my suspicions were aroused, and I slackened my pace, while considering the best excuse to decline accompanying him further. The man saw my misgivings, as he turned down a court or alley way in Old

St. Road. I only went a few steps down this alley when I turned to retrace my way to the open street. Before I could escape, however, he dealt me a blow which sent me reeling against the wall; and when I recovered my breath and senses, he had disappeared. Subsequent events left no doubt in the minds of our family, that I had been selected as a suitable subject for this new phase of London life, or rather death.

I was one day taking my long walk as usual when suddenly uprose before me the dingy walls of a well-remembered Hospital. At once I recollected it was near there I saw "the man with the marbles," and turning to the right soon identified other objects to confirm me that I was on the right track.

And here I must record a peculiar experience which was mine during these pedestrian explorations of the Great City. As my thoughts would sometimes be far away in the West, amid the busy scenes of Manhattan, some peculiar structure—Rowland Hill's Chapel, for instance—would suddenly "give me pause,"—and I stopped with a sort of reverence that made me feel while gazing on these scenes of half forgotten boyhood, that it must surely have been in some other sphere—some other life,—on another planet,—in which

I had known and moved among them. In fact, so wide a chasm had yawned between my present and my past—so slender a link existed between my boyhood and manhood, that as I gazed on these resurrected scenes, I felt as though I had been dead and buried, and that my spirit,—not my material body,—was now present again around them.

In a few moments I was again standing on the same spot. It surely needed no sentimentality to be deeply affected at Time's changes in the last thirty years. * * * I placed my hand on the dingy brick wall as near the spot as I could remember where my head had formerly struck it, and walked slowly along. A window was suddenly closed on one hand, and on the opposite side a flitting form retreated into the background. At the next house the door was violently slammed, and three or four loiterers before it suddenly suspended their conversation, and eyed me sharply till I was well past them. I felt myself as much an object of scrutiny to them as the locality was of interest to me.

I now reached a part where the court was intersected by a yet smaller one. Crossing this, I pursued my way still farther—noticing how Bath Court led into Bath Lane, and this again into Bath Street. My leisurely stroll continued to attract so much attention from the

idlers about, that I began to wish myself well out of its purlieus, and could not help sighing to think how little the religious proselytism which placarded its walls had penetrated this festering mass of degraded humanity.

CHAPTER XI.

DEPARTURE FOR THE NORTH.

Almost surfeited by the sights as well as the hospital ities of the Great City, I was glad to take my seat in the cars of the Northern line, and commence enjoying my furlough in that part of the country.

The first village at which I stopped was only some twenty miles from London. Pleasantly interlaced with its sylvan beauty and superb cultivation were the few bright streaks of sunshine of my not over-happy boyhood.

Alighting at Hatfield, I sought and found the house—*our* house; *my* garden, that *was!* and from the rhapsody of emotion which this sight of "my boyhood's home" had exalted me, fell into mute disgust as a closer inspection revealed our once charming cottage turned into a beer-shop labelled "the Soldier's Rest," and a sore-eyed woman handing round the liquid to the lubberly louts who were her customers.

As I entered and caught sight of the back porch strange sensations arose within me, and as I mused—

"My Father pressed my hand,"—
"Here too, my sister played!"—

I looked around for some intelligent being to share my interest and emotion. Alas! nothing more than a mere grunt of stupid stolidity rewarded me; and I left the house, and entered one opposite, which bore a name I well remembered.

"Are you the Mrs. ———, who lived here in 1830?"

"Mother and father lived here then; but my name is ———."

"And you and Charles used to go to school over there?"

"Yes! till the old gentleman went to America."

"Exactly!—where I have just come from."

"Come in, sir! Sit down. Here, call your father, James—here's a gentleman from America."

The good woman bustled around, brought me a glass of wine, her child some fruit, &c; and we instantly had such a variety of questions to ask each other, that I cannot tell to this day which was the more surprised—myself at thus unexpectedly finding so agreeable a school mate, or she at realising that the veritable Yankee before her could have emerged from the English chrysalis of "little Johnny."

On leaving this unexpected entertainment I walked

up the hill to the baronial hall of the Marquis of Salisbury—then through the churchyard—and on my way noticed the name of a tradesman, whom I found little changed, and who assured me he remembered me well, and paid a grateful tribute to the memory of my dear father.

A letter of introduction was given me to deliver at Bedford; and this interesting place next engrossed my attention.

I therefore went direct from the cars, in search of the timber merchant, whose sister in New York had exacted a promise from me that I should deliver her letter personally. Arriving about twilight, I at length succeeded in finding the house on the Long Wharf. But in answer to my ring at the bell, a servant made her appearance at an upper window some distance from the outer gate where I stood, and told me her master and mistress were gone out, and as she was *locked in*, she was of course unable to admit me. As I wondered how our Western Biddies would relish such paternal protection, I left my name and business, and started off in the dark, looking for lodgings.

But this unpropitious entry into the famous old town, was most amply counterbalanced by one of the most re-

markable interviews it was my pleasure to experience anywhere.

An old man, who had overheard my inquiry for an inn, addressed me very cordially by inquiring if I were not from America?

"I am; but how came you to guess it?"

"By that very word—and your alluding to Mr. H."

I then told him of the absence of Mr. H., and repeated my inquiry for a comfortable lodging.

"You will find good accommodation at the house opposite, or should you prefer it, at yonder building, which possesses historic associations connected with the career of John Bunyan."

He accompanied me to the latter building, where I engaged a room, and then yielded to his urgent request to return with him to his cottage.

"I am delighted to have this opportunity of conversing with a *real* American," said he.

Smiling at his compliment, I replied—

"I am equally pleased at finding you so much better acquainted with our nation than I at first supposed."

He continued—

"I am much too old to emigrate, and that expectation of my youth must now remain unfulfilled. But I hope o live long enough to see your country again enjoying

peace—no less for your own sake, than for the millions to whom it must prove the haven of prosperity. And now, as I have always been the champion of the United States when surrounded by Englishmen, I shall seize the rare opportunity now present of criticising your course, and admonishing you of some of the dangers your past policy renders you liable to."

Quite fascinated by the rough honesty and heartiness of this townsman of Bunyan—who might indeed himself have passed for a lineal descendant of the "immortal tinker"—I begged him to proceed.

"Well now, I suppose you will be surprised when I tell you—radical though I be myself—that *you* ought not to have removed the property qualification, and opened wide the door to universal suffrage."

Amazed at such an opinion from an avowed chartist, I asked him how he reconciled the inconsistency of claiming such exemption for his own countrymen, while denying it to mine.

"I will show you good and logical reasons for my opinion. In your country, labor is not only in constant demand, but is generally well paid for. Hence, ordinary health and frugality enables every steady, sober man to save something beyond his expenses—and when a person once acquires the habit of saving, most gener-

ally he becomes improved in his moral character, and at all events becomes a more valuable citizen than the vile, reckless, and improvident man who remains homeless and a wanderer. But it is difficult, if not impossible in this country, under the excessive supply of labor, and low rate of wages, for a mechanic to become a free-holder. There is indeed little opportunity for him to bring up his family properly—much less to acquire a homestead.

"Now there is a kind of liberality which a nation may practice, that may in its results prove detrimental to all —certainly so do I regard the United States' naturalization laws. So, without fully showing you how much your present anomalous position—a republic, with civil war!—is owing to this delusive reliance on democracy of numbers, let me remind you how your wicked Mexican war received its chief support from the party polling the largest non-American vote. But to bring it nearer home—as you say you are a New Yorker—three times have the votes of the rest of the State been thwarted by the foreign vote in that city alone—and once at least, you have elected—elected, mind you! —a well known swindler to the mayoralty—one whose character as a demagogue was outdone by incontestable evidence that he was a forger!"

Declining to countermand my engagement at the inn, which my companion urged upon me that I might become his guest, I reluctantly bade him good night, and returned to the house of Mr. H. I found that gentleman had arrived, and was unharnessing his horse within the enclosure, while the gate was as fast locked as before. The girl, who was holding the light for him, as soon as she espied me, said to her master,

"Here is the gentleman from America who brings you letters from your friends."

He made no reply, but continued so leisurely putting away his horse and stable accompaniments, as to make me imagine he had little anxiety to hear from his sister, or that it must be a valuable or favored quadruped which thus secured such marked preference in his attention to the impatient gentleman which I now felt myself to be. I had just made up mind to tell him he had better *call on me* for the letters in the morning than keep me waiting any longer, when he came to the gate, unlocked it, and bade me enter. In presenting the parcel, I took care to quiet any apprehension he might feel that I should be of any trouble or expense to him. Little was said by either, till Mrs. H. made her appearance. She, however, immediately entered into a brisk conversation, and

made me promise to breakfast with them in the morning.

Finding my way back with some difficulty to the hotel—for it was very dark—I enjoyed the night's rest which it afforded, took my breakfast with the merchant's family as agreed upon; and started out soon after to see the various mementoes of John Bunyan, which render the town of Bedford so interesting to the tourist. The site of the old prison—the house where his wife appealed to the judges—now the Swan Inn—the chair which he once owned, &c., were successively shown me. But I must abbreviate. I essayed to write—(however hard to resist the temptation to deviate) "what I *heard*," only—but I find it no easy matter.

I next visited Cambridge; but my stay there was not long enough to elicit anything striking or original.

CHAPTER XII.

SHEFFIELD—LEEDS—DERBY—NEWCASTLE—
EDINBURGH—GOOD NEWS FROM HOME.

When I found myself in the great city of manufactories, I visited such of the human hives as were most accessible; but the din of machinery, or the indifference or ignorance of the operatives prevented me from hearing much else. At Leeds, I heard the peculiar rumble of a Ramage printing press, and looking through the dingy window beheld a man beating off with the old-fashioned *ball* of Franklin's time, a poster for one of the theatres! When we reached Derby, the place was crowded with visitors to the races, and that was almost exclusively the one subject of conversation. I was hardly enough of a sporting character to remain long amid such excitement—and "what I heard" as I mingled with the crowd is hardly worth recording—even were types facile enough to do justice to the strong language of excited Englishmen.

At Newcastle, the dialect grew sensibly harsher

and more difficult to understand—so I hastily left that unhealthy locality, and sped on to Edinburgh.

As I drew near the Scottish Capital, little changed indeed did the city appear to me. Nine-tenths of the place presented the same appearance as it did a quarter of a century ago; and excepting the railroad depots, Scott's Monument, and a few additional "brown stone fronts," the Edinburgh of 1861 was the same as that of 1837.

I walked up to the Castle in the afternoon—and as a keen eyed guide fastened himself upon me, and pointed out from the high ground, the house where Burke, the murderer, committed his first atrocity, and then two other houses in some way connected with his history, he little knew the emotions his narrative awakened in his listener.

* * * * * * *

In the afternoon, I accompanied a couple of friends to the topmost craigs of Arthur's Seat, during which agreeable jaunt, it was my experience to *hear* the greater part of the conversation carried on by a *native American with Scottish accent.* (The young lady was born in New York, but had been sent to Edinburgh in childhood.)

While visiting Holyrood Palace, &c., the attendant, addressing my companion, observed,

"Ay! but it's good news, this last arrival."

"What news—what arrival?"

"The war news from America."

"What paper? where can I get one?"

His disquisition on Rizzio and his reminiscences was suddenly curtailed, as I hastened away to get a paper.

Although the telegram was as usual indefinite and vague, it purported to be of the success of the Federal arms. It was a pleasant experience to me to witness his exultation, and I playfully bantered my country-woman on her apparent lukewarmness.

"Oh! it's an unco awfu' mess—I dinna understand your politics."

This from the little prattling infant of New York in '37!

I next entered Glasgow and Greenock; but nothing of special record reached my ear in either of these places—though the sight that greeted me in the latter locality, I think far exceeded in repulsiveness any I had ever before witnessed, even in the dirtiest purlieus of maritime cities.

CHAPTER XIII.

IRELAND.

As I landed in Belfast an entire stranger, with neither letter nor credential of any kind, methought I would be more likely to be unswerved in my opinion by the bias of personal intimacy—so I made the best use of eyes and ears during my brief visit.

I now started on my usual walk, peering into most of the doors and windows which were left open. I had proceeded but a short distance when I was set upon by one of the most repulsive, filthy, and frightful looking hags I ever encountered. I outwalked her, however, for a time; but subsequently returning by the same street, she again espied me, and now put down the blarney stop, and commenced such a torrent of abuse as made me wish for the first time for a little assistance, for I longed for a policeman to rid me of her annoyance. I was a little amused to hear her abuse me as a "dirty English omadhaun" (whatever that may be!) as this very *cleanly* feminine found me impervious to her assaults. How

ever, I own to experiencing a "new sensation"—I never knew till now what it was to be thoroughly blackguarded.

In my railroad experiences in Ireland, I could not help hearing the frequent quarrels between those who looked after the travellers. It may have been a period of exceptional irascibility; but to myself, who had frequently rail-roaded hundreds of miles without seeing a fight or hearing a quarrel, the seven or eight occurring only between Belfast and Waterford, seemed anything but agreeable. As I witnessed several instances of petty bullying of ignorant peasants, and they taking equal delight in retaliating on others, I appreciated the Irish Patriot's aspiration for a "well stocked Alabama Plantation."

Arriving at Dublin, I walked towards "Nelson's Pillar." On my way, a man poked a card into my hand, begged me to read it, and if I liked, he would carry my bag to the house he was soliciting patronage for.

I yielded; but soon found myself in a very nasty looking house which I had been foolish enough to enter. Asking to see my bed-room, a dirty-looking dame took me up stairs, and showed me a room containing three beds. Calculating that these were

at least two too many, I beat a hasty retreat, and set out for another shelter, which I found at the Temperance House near the Carlisle Bridge.

The next day, at an eating house where I was dining, I heard conversation respecting the war; and one sitting at my side, asked me if I didn't think the rout of Bull Run would hereafter make the Americans afraid to refer to military matters while abroad.

"Perhaps so; but on what account?"

"Oh! they ran like a flock of sheep."

"Ah! but *who* did they run from?—any of *your* countrymen, my friend?"

"Faith, they ran away, anyhow."

"Yes; and I happen to know many of your countrymen kept them company. I do not think AMERICANS have any reason to be ashamed of their valor in that first shock of civil war."

Having visited the chief objects of interest in Dublin, on the last day of my sojourn I hired a cabman to take me to Glass-Nevin, etc., for a stipulated sum, he guaranteeing to return me to the Post Office by six o'clock. Having reached the cemetery, and inspected the monument to O'Connell, I was about re-entering the cab, when the gate-keeper begged me to inscribe my name, and any "remarks I might be pleased to make."

Not having anything to criticise or specially commend, I hastily wrote, after my residence, "to see O'Connell's monument." Before I had retaken my seat, I was somewhat amused at hearing the porter's admiration for a "gintleman who kim from 'Mirica to see O'Connell's monument!"

The driver having arrived at the Post Office some ten minutes after six o'clock, objected to the fare agreed upon, and attempted to extort more. A second time he refused to receive it—so I left him at the door, received my letters, and quit the building by a side door while he was waiting in front.

I went over the bridge to tea, and then thinking the hour's deprivation of his money sufficient punishment, essayed to the stand where I had engaged him. In the murky twilight I had no difficulty in approaching him closely before he discovered me. He was recounting his adventure to a brother chip, and I heard the most terrible objurgations on the "bloody villain" who had cheated him, when I stepped forward with the money in my hand;—and this unexpected apparition of the shining silver so overcame him, that he "answered not a word."

I left Dublin for Waterford; but the farther I went into Ireland, the more beggars beset me; and I longed

to recross the Channel to assuage the annoyance. So after gratifying my antiquarian curiosity by inspection of the old Round Tower, dated 1003, and participating in a comedy of errors which was improvised at my hotel opposite by the gravity of the white-cravated waiters, I stepped on board the Shamrock, and took passage for Bristol. While standing on the quarter-deck, I was trying to remember how many fights I had seen in the last few days, when I heard a scuffle on the lower deck, and again I saw blood flow. A bald-headed old man had been stricken down; but he was up again in a moment, and engaged in clutching his opponent, a man scarce half his age. The crew stopped their work, and seemed to enjoy the struggle as a common recreation. The captain even walked to the rail, and eyed the battle with evident satisfaction. This last brutality was too much for me, and I begged him to put a stop to it. He seemed incredulous of my desire—said it was "just nothing at all, sir"—and not till he saw me moving off to invoke a policeman from the tower above mentioned, did he give signs for the combatants to resume their work.

CHAPTER XIV.

BRISTOL—BIGOTED CLERGYMAN—RETURN TO LONDON.

We arrived safely in Bristol on the following evening; and having enjoyed an interview with a sister whom I had never before seen, she manifested much anxiety about my spiritual welfare. She therefore soon introduced me to Rev. Mr. ———. He assumed at once such a patronizing air as to make me long for a speedy withdrawal from his arrogant pomposity. As he was calling my attention to the grand Cathedral, he said,

"You have nothing like that in America."

"No—nor probably ever shall have."

"You might have had such in due time, had you remained loyal to England; but God's vengeance has overtaken your nation at last, and you are now justly suffering for your rebellion to British rule."

Having attempted to proselyte me to his peculiar denominational views, I took rather a malicious pleasure in making the most of my ability to confute them.

"I think America as bad as infidel France," said he.

"You are uncharitable to England's Daughter."

"French Democracy and American Slavery—glorious union! who would not be proud now of being an Englishman?" etc., etc.

Returning to London, I was again enabled to enjoy frequent access to American periodicals, and occasional interviews with my countrymen, by calling at "Gun's American Agency" in the Strand. This was indeed a rare treat to all of us; and in alluding briefly to "what I heard" there, I will only say there was a wonderful unanimity of desire to return home, even while hearing on every hand that our nation had gone to ruin.

"I think it strange that the Federal Government takes no measures to counteract the influence of her enemies here, by encouraging lectures, speeches, newspapers, &c. on behalf of the Union."

"Yes; and no longer allow such outrageous misrepresentations of the North to be uncontradicted."

"And see how eagerly the periodicals here copy all the desponding articles from Northern newspapers, and are equally anxious to present the 'South-side' view."

CHAPTER XV.

DEPARTURE FOR THE CONTINENT—DIEPPE—ROUEN.

At length I found myself crossing that spiteful little bit of sea separating our British friends from the continent. The passage was certainly not conducive to amiability, and I do not remember hearing anything worth recording.

On landing at Dieppe, however, my forebodings of difficulty at my deficiencies in the French langnage were speedily removed, as I found myself surrounded by those who understood me.

We had gone but a few miles on the railroad when I heard sentences in my native tongue occasionally above the noise of the train, and soon after observed a very red-faced individual congratulating his companion on being Englishmen—"and proud to *h*own it, Sir!—yes, it's always a honor in travelling to be known as coming from *h*England."

"I can't quite agree with that sentiment," exclaimed a muffled-up traveller by my side.

"What! did *you* ever feel ashamed of being an Englishman?"

"Not exactly; but I've been quite as well treated when I have denied being one."

"But you ought not to have been; any one who denies their country—yes, Sir, *denies their country*—"

"Stranger! don't accuse *me* of denying my country!" —and in a moment I knew there was a Kentuckian "around."

Our hands were soon clasped; and after he had done with his catechist, I begged him to give fuller reasons for my own satisfaction.

"Why, look here, my friend," said he; "if this is your first appearance in France, let me give you such advice as an old traveller like myself can proffer from his own experience. If you would really secure a full share of courtesy and attention, particularly in this country and Germany, let the inhabitants imagine you anything but a John Bull—out with the truth at once—and, even now, tell them you're from America. Just look at the moroseness and hauteur of your thoroughly British traveller, and you will no longer wonder at the prejudice which is awakened against him. But if you

still doubt, give each personification a fair trial, and you will arrive at the same opinion. I have been in many parts of the world; and although I have made a number of most agreeable acquaintances who came from 'the fast-anchored isle,' I certainly never like to be taken for a native of it—and least of all in the empire we are now passing through."

Subsequent experience fully confirmed what I now heard; and henceforth I made the best possible use of my limited French and German in letting my companions and acquaintances know that I came from the United States.

The second day of my sojourn in Rouen, I strolled around the suburbs, and witnessed the Boulevards thickly studded with bazaars, shows, circuses, exhibitions of dancing dogs, etc., in honor of some festival which would last a week. Thousands were gathered from the surrounding country, and now indeed did I feel and enjoy the full delight of a traveller amid strange seenes, faces and customs. I entered one of these places of amusement, and was congratulating myself on being so well able to understand the pantomimic performers, when a man sitting by my side, asked me,

"Are you not an American?"

"Yes!—and I'm so glad to hear you speak my language."

"Ah! *mon ami*, would I had staid there instead of coming back here again."

He said this with such evident sincerity, that I felt a sympathy which only heart-spoken words can elicit.

But he threw off his gloominess, and commenced explaining to me the incident of the play; and as he saw how I appreciated his politeness, a smile radiated his features, and I too felt a joy in thus contributing to his.

We walked away together—and as he looked both shabby and hungry, my heart warmed toward him, as he outlined his life's disappointments—and his last misstep in returning to a land overburdened with population.

I left him with a strange doubt whether he would have accepted the douceur, my heart told me he deserved.

At the Hotel d'Angleterre, I was so continually hearing every thing commended as being "good English," that at last I had to let fly my "*Je suis Americain*," in self-defence.

And now did I indeed feel somewhat of a foreigner. The white-capped, wooden-shoed damsels of old Normandy, and the incomparable cleanliness, tasteful display, and neatness of the shops, with the geniality which seemed to characterise the intercourse of all parties, all

seemed in grateful contrast with former experience. The shop-windows continually reminded me of "English spoken here," and sometimes this information was coupled with somewhat ludicrous adjuncts. One of the most elaborate which I remember, dispensed with all punctuation, as in splendid gilt characters I read—"English Spoke Salt Beef."

I saw many things in Rouen which delighted me and its other visiters; but the most vivid recollection I have of what I *heard*, was that which interrupted my meditations before the memorial to Joan of Arc—a full band of French military music—and which seemed to sway the populace as with one pulsation.

CHAPTER XVI.

PARIS.

It was evening when I entered the gay capital of Europe; and as the numerous lights and easily recognized edifices of the French metropolis flitted before me, I registered my name at the Grand Hotel du Louvre with a realizing sense that a great holiday was indeed before me. To make the most of my time was now my chief anxiety.

I had a strange presentiment that some evil would befal me while here—so early in life had been impressed upon me the wickedness of this "God-forsaken City." But the first day's perambulations among its cheerful faces, its gay shops, its gorgeous palaces, its numberless novelties, dispelled the illusion; and I felt really charmed at witnessing the true politeness and affability of all ranks and classes—opportunities constantly presenting themselves to show the French to be not only

apparently, but actually considerate, urbane and polite —and to me these are no slight recommendations in this over-frictioned world.

I walked out to get my passport viséd. But the "Rue de Beaujon" had been demolished in course of those grand improvements which, during the last ten years have so changed and beautified the city of Paris. I was turning from where the embassy had been, when a gentleman told me the locality where that business was now conducted.

"Will Monsieur accept my card?"

"With pleasure—here is mine also."

"Ha! I thought so; you're from America."

"True; and I want to see all I can before I return."

We entered into pleasant conversation, in which I answered many inquiries concerning New York, which the gentleman had visited some years before.

"Is this your first day in Paris?"

"Yes; and as I believe the Hotel des Invalides is in this part of the city, should like you to direct me thither."

Taking out his watch, he beckoned to the driver of a passing vehicle, and remarking he had time to accompany me, he motioned me to enter, and then came and sat by my side.

We crossed the Seine on one of its beautiful bridges,

near the Arch of Triumph, and he gave me in full his opinion of the third Napoleon; but I confined *my* remarks to an opinion of the First.

Arrived at the gate, he paid the driver, and lifting his hat with all the grace imaginable, left me in wonderment what could have induced a stranger to go to such expense and trouble on my account.

But this incident, which, at the time, seemed so remarkable, I subsequently found but a fair indication of the general politeness of the people in other parts of the empire.

While at my breakfast at the Grand Hotel du Louvre the next morning, I heard something which, for a moment, poisoned the flavor of the exquisite coffee I was sipping—

—"It's all over; the North have caved in; and even Greeley gives up, and admits the hopelessness of further contention."

Surprised that this sad information should have so little effect on the man's appetite, I soon learned from subsequent remarks of his, that he obtained this agreeable information from the New York Herald.

It was not long before I had a copy of the paper, and read the article which had been quoted. As I subsequently obtained the Tribune, and saw what Greeley really *did* say, I felt indignant at the "false alarm," and

retaliated with renewed appetite on the edibles at the next meal time.

"Did you notice how delighted ——— when he heard that the South were victorious?"

"Yes—and yet that man is a leader of the *Democratic* party."

* * * * * * * * *

As I mingled with the crowd occupying the cars on the way to Versailles, I heard a lady describing, in my own language, the objects of interest as we passed. As she observed my intentness on her conversation, she asked me if I had ever been there before.

"No—this is my first visit."

"How strange! now you can come from London and return so easily."

"Yes! but I don't happen to live in London."

"Well, not far off, I'll be bound."

"Farther than you imagine."

"You're an Englishman."

"Not much just now, I'm thinking."

"Then you're an American; yes, I believe you *are* a Yankee."

"You may take your choice of terms, Madam, but I do come from that land."

"How did you escape?—is the war over?—have you been in any of the battles?"

Before I had time to separate, much less answer this

sharp volley of ihterrogations, the lady returned to her charge,

"Tell me now, will the Americans have a king, think you, or an emperor after this?"

"Well the State I live in, New York, elected a King from Jamaica lately; but I think they would still rather have him again than an emperor."

I found the lady very well informed on almost every other than American subjects; and she was in no way reluctant to inform me that she was travelling governess to an English family of rank.

Two or three days later, while devouring with my usual aviditity the news in the New York papers left on the tables in the saloon of the Hotel, I heard a familiar voice near me, and looking up, saw my late acerone receiving most submissively, general orders from a dignified lady who appeared her mistress. I was about manifesting some token of recognition, when our eyes met, and I beheld such a pitiful yet unmistakable appeal for silence, that I restrained myself, and she passed from the room without her mistress detecting the acquaintance. An hour after I met her in the ground court yard where she hurriedly thanked me for not having spoken, as the audacity of conversing with a guest at the same hotel with my lady, would inevitably have resulted in her ignominious dismissal from her situation.

The next day news arrived of the capture of Mason

and Slidell, and of course it formed the chief topic of conversation, and one said to me,

"Will you give them up?"

"No, Sir."

"Ah! that will be grand! Your great war will be splendid—magnificique!"

Leaving Paris, I continued eastward till I reached Strasburg. At the hotel where I tarried, I overheard two Londoners talking of America:

"Oh! the Southerners are the only real gentlemen in America."

"So I've 'eard; but 'ow do you account for it?"

"Why you see they're so much in the 'abit of sending their children to *h*England to be *h*educated."

"Yes! and the few Northerners which do travel I think are a mean and stingy set; they don't drink 'alf the wine, or spend their money 'alf as freely as the others."

"Well, it's because they're taught to hate the English."

On my passage down the Rhine, I found myself and a ruddy-looking Englishman the only occupants of the cabin of the "Marianne."

He came up to me, and offering me a cigar, said,

"Nothing like that for such weather as this."

Declining his gift in my very best French, he burst into laughter:

"I thought you were a Yankee, and I've seen so many I could have sworn to it. But no American would refuse such a *principe* as that."

"But *I* have, you see; and without offence, I hope."

"Oh! that's jolly! Offence? not a bit of it. Take a glass of wine?"

"Don't be in a hurry—look! what's the name of that castle?"

"D——— it! you're not an American, after all! and I swear Englishmen don't call *car*-sels '*cas*-tles.'"

He proved a very agreeable companion, and accompanied me all the way to Ostend. When we arrived at that quaint refuge for English absquatlators, he had so won upon my confidence and friendship, that I enjoyed his conversation exceedingly.

We started together to find a warm bath; and after a diligent search of over an hour, succeeded, though not without difficulty.

Arriving at Dover in the middle of the night, I was glad to betake myself to the nearest hotel, from which I departed by the first train for London in the morning. I had heard Americans so much rated for their "filthy habits of chewing and smoking," that I was both surprised and annoyed to experience the general use of the narcotic, or an imitation, wherever I went. Many of the railway cars in England have conspicuous notices prohibiting smoking, or a fine announced as the penalty

for the practice; but I had a dozen opportunities of wishing that respect for the comfort of companions, if nothing more, would "incline the hearts" of smokers "to keep this law." While again deliberating how much headache would overcome my natural politeness, I heard a passenger harping on the lawlessness of Americans.

"The glory of Britain, Sir, is the respect paid to the majesty of the law."

"Why not obey that one hanging yonder?"

With a look more savage than the growl which accompanied it, he put up his pipe, and I pursued the remainder of my journey in comparative comfort.

CHAPTER XVII.

KENT THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND—RIFLE VOLUNTEERS —A "SQUIRE" ANSWERED.

In my former visit to the country of my ancestors, I could not help remarking the clearer complexion and brighter eyes of the population, than I had seen among the inhabitants of other parts of the land. Of course I began to feel proud of my genealogy; and wondering whether the family would retain its longevity on American soil, was reminded that the superior health and stamina of Kentish men, and really roseate hues of the Kentish lasses, was mainly attributable to the absence of coal pits, collieries, factories, and their necessary adjuncts, so disastrous in their effects upon the inhabitants of other regions. Certainly I saw bluer skies, whiter clouds, and brighter stars in that portion of England south of the Great City, than any which had enlivened

me since I left Manhattan. No wonder, then, now that I was fairly "on my way home," that I anticipated much in tarrying more leisurely and chatting more freely with "the old folks at home."

So I dropped in upon cousins, aunts, uncles, etc. one after another, surprised to find how little they knew of each other, if more than one round in the ladder of fortune separated their "position." Thus I found some on one verge of the wheel of fortune who affected entire ignorance of the existence of any family affinity elsewhere; and when some of them who might merchantably be termed "middlings," heard that an American cousin was at the ——— Hotel, they discussed the probability as to whether he had come home to die with the inevitable fortune of foreign adventurers, or had escaped the dangers of the battle field only to become burdensome to their ancestral acres.

A happy device for securing my own independenee, and at the same time quieting apprehension on the part of others, occurred to me in commencing my visitations. I remembered a box ticket admitted to all parts of the house, and acted accordingly.

One evening I returned to my hotel more than ordinarily tired from a pedestrian excursion to Bodiam Castle. Seated comfortably by the fire, my mind naturally reverted to the anniversary which had many years

marked this as a "red letter" day in my experience. I had many kind friends around me, yet this day—my Wedding Day—had nevertheless not yet furnished me opportunity of celebrating it so heartily as hitherto invariably had been done. Resolved to do something signalizing the day befitting its pleasant memories, I rang the bell, and ordered some fireworks for the juvenile portion of my landlord's family.

Mr. D. himself made his appearance simultaneously with the sound of music below.

"Oh Sir! the Rifle Volunteers meet here this evening to receive the prizes awarded to their best marksmen; and as there will be a large gathering and an interesting time, I hope you will meet us at the supper. It will give me pleasure if you will allow me to introduce you."

"Excuse me from eating, or drinking either—but if there's to be music, I'm on hand."

Noting how this little incident swelled the number of auspicious events beguiling me into the belief that I had just now somehow got into the good graces of the fairies, I began to wonder how modern military evolutions would compare with those I had heard my father describe when the inhabitants of that part of

the country were kept "awake o' nights" in fear of the descent of Bonaparte.

In a little while I heard "the glasses rattle on the board," and looking over the heads of the listeners about the door, I espied the placid countenance of WASHINGTON beaming serenely on the soldiers from the far corner of the room. Just then the band responded to one of the toasts with an American tune—and in an instant I was charged, if not with electricity, with something which seemed to me as much like patriotism as any thing I know of.

I was soon seated by the side of the Chairman, and evidently an "object of interest,"—probably the only stranger in the room.

"Do be kind enough, Sir, to give us your views on the war now raging in America, and the part which you think we, as Englishmen, are justified in taking."

"The most Homœopathic part you can possibly imagine—and even that will prove more than the event really calls for. Look at yonder AMERICAN—remember the sentiments of his Farewell Address—and confess how England herself has prospered since limiting her 'entangling alliances.'"

I then complimented them on their fine appearance; and referring to my recent rambles among the military

nation on the other side of the Channel, commended the wisdom of the Government which at length permitted the yeomanry to bear arms—closing my remarks by proposing as a sentiment, that nations, like individuals, had better mind their own business.

This opinion seemed to agree so well with that entertained by the company, that they urged me to continue my remarks, and they submitted to the penalty of hearing—some more of the same sort.

When the tables were cleared, a crowd gathered round me to shake hands. I observed a pompous little fellow edging his way toward me, and when near enough to be heard, he asked me gravely,

"How much does Lincoln pay you for coming down into this part of the country, agitating for the North?"

Supposing his compliment a good-humored way of quizzing me, I replied with equal gravity,

"About five thousand dollars."

The sedateness of my countenance while uttering this *whopper* so completely convinced my interlocutor that I was indeed on diplomatic service, that he turned to his companions in evident disgust at the venality of the Yankees; and it required a wink from my good-humored landlord to open my own eyes to the true "situation."

Changing my "base" instantly, I longed to annihi-

late the little wretch for his outrageous insult. So I drew myself up to my full height, raised my voice to reach beyond the ring surrounding me, and "blazed away"—

"No, Sir! I never saw Mr. Lincoln, and am equally certain he never heard of me."

"What the devil are you doing down in this part of the country then?"

The crowd pressed closer round us—this was evidently the magnate of the town.

"Well, as I am at present a paying boarder in this house, it is hardly polite for you to be so inquisitive—'you, who are so utter a stranger to me,' as one of your countrymen once stigmatized myself. However, as there are others present who would perhaps like an explanation of my appearance at your banquet this evening, I have no objection to telling them, if they care to hear it."

"Yes! yes! who are you, and what are you doing in this part of the country?"

"Well, gentlemen, in one sense it may be admitted hat a traveller for pleasure as I now happen to be, has no *business* here. That, I am happy to say, flourishes away out West. I am merely enjoying a holiday—in act this is part of my summer vacation. I am a New

York printer; and this year, instead of recreating myself among the Cattskills, at Newport or Niagara, have taken the notion to extend my trip a little farther Eastward, and witness for myself the wonderful perfection emigrants tell us is to be found in every thing in 'the old country.' This afternoon, for the first time have I been permitted to see our family's name on the tombstones in yonder yard at Sandhurst; and as the various epitaphs on their virtues passed before me, I resolved to endeavor to keep our American escutcheon at least as bright as its Kentish predecessor.

"But I am myself a native of England. If your crowded table sent me early away among the population of the Anglo-Saxon race invigorating another continent —invested me 'with health and prosperity long to live,' and kindled a second time desire to revisit my fatherland, and affectionately greet kindred whom I have not yet disgraced—surely you can have no objection to the indulgence of such desires. . . . . And now, on my return to London from the Continent, I tarry a few days among my relatives here, who do not seem to regard me as unwelcome. So, gentlemen, unlike, I am sorry to say, many Englishmen who make money in America, I feel grateful for her hospitality, and remain

loyal to her even when a family quarrel like the present sets her enemies in ecstacies.

" And as I dearly love to travel—particularly among those speaking my own language—I linger affectionately among these charming scenes where sleep my ancestors, taking delight in 'speaking up' for my adopted country, and paying my way as an independent Anglo-American: —and *that*, gentlemen, is what I am doing in this part of the country."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BALLOT—RAILROAD EXPERIENCES AND OPINION.

The next morning, while indulging my "inveterate habit of newspaper reading," I had, from the corner of the tap-room where I was seated, abundant opportunity of hearing frequent allusion to the "taking down" of the Squire on the previous evening. Already had the news of his discomfiture reached and gratified many more influenced by fear than respect for such dignities; and as one after another of the customers put away their usual quantum of beer, I enjoyed the different aspects put upon the occurrence by the various visiters.

"I tell 'ee that Yankee chap must ha' been a sojer, and he's down here after recruits, depend on't; can't make me believe a printer could talk military like that, less he'd been in the *h*army!"

"Oh! but Dick says his marster's devilish cross that ———— should introduce a stranger among us volunteers, who had the impudence to praise up the cussed French before our very eyes!"

"The Americans overdo everything, seems to me, and make themselves ridiculous by going to extremes. Did you see the gold piece Davis changed for the gentleman —why, I swear it's four times bigger than a suv'rin, and he called it a double eagle!"

"Yes, I saw it, and it was a handsome coin—pity they couldn't give it a better name."

On leaving Ticehurst, on account of its distance from a railway station, it became necessary to hire a conveyance. The landlord of another inn than the one where I lodged was accustomed to this line of patronage; and on the journey, after repeating some of the fallacies which have hitherto been alluded to as they presented themselves during my intercourse with others, alluded to voting.

"I should really like to vote myself, occasionally."

"Surely you *are* entitled to vote?"

"Yes, if I choose to do it. But you don't catch me such a fool again very soon!"

"I don't understand you."

"Why, when I was in ——— I voted against ———, and in less than a year he broke up my business."

"Who told him you voted against him?"

"Bless your heart! every one knows how you vote here. Now if we had the ballot, or any way to prevent candidates revenging themselves on voters, do you suppose such a chap as that Yankee floored the other night at the tavern would be the everlasting God Almighty of the place?"

The temptation to reveal myself as that identical Yankee was too powerful to resist, and I *heard*—myself complimented far more than I deserved.

I was soon seated in a railcar, speeding towards Maidstone. Not so fortunate as usual, an inside seat prevented enjoyment of the charming landscape.

And here I must indulge a slight digression to express my detestation of the general management of passengers and their accommodation on British railroads. Rather prepossessed favorably than otherwise, the experience of a thousand miles' travel thereon satisfies me of their general inferiority to those I had been accustomed to in the Eastern States. Perhaps my opinion may run counter to that generally prevalent; nevertheless I am confident my dislike has no origin in prejudice, or lack of opportunity for fair trial.

I can now readily account for the opposition railroads excited upon their introduction, among the "ruling classes." Ruthless as the engineer's survey occasionally proved to a game-preserve or favorite lawn, it was nothing to the mortification the landed proprietor experienced while contemplating the degradation of being carried along by the same motive-power which was conveying Smith the tailor to Jones the carpenter. But as the march of improvement in this matter proved irresistible, it seems they have made the system as deferential to the love of caste as it is possible to devise.

So they first built their cars very closely resembling in external appearance the old-fashioned coaches, with curved panels, &c. Then they divided them into small sections, arranging the seats crosswise, with such small windows at each end, that only the passenger nearest them can view the country he is passing through. One half the inmates, also, are constantly riding backwards, with no more interesting prospect than the faces opposite. The frequent tunnels which occur, and the dismal oil lamps which are provided, do not at all increase the cheerfulness of the journey.

Besides this, the "check" system for baggage I saw nothing of. They paste the name of the town you are destined for on your trunk, and when that place is

reached, it is left on the platform to be taken away by the first bold claimant who presents himself.

Oh! the felicities of English railroad travelling "deserve," as Artemas says—"a lecture!"

But to return.

"Splendid country, this, Sir."

"I don't see it."

"Here, take my seat."

"Thank you. How I wish your splendid rails and solid road-beds were blessed with comfortable American cars."

"Ah! I've heard the Americans travel a great deal; but how can their cars, as you call them, be more comfortable than ours?"

"They are lighter, the seats all face one way, half the passengers have a window to themselves, and the other half, owing to the long passage way in the centre, and the convenient windows, can enjoy scenery for miles in perspective. Besides, they can not only circulate among the company, and enjoy society, but in emergency can communicate with conductor or engineer by the rope running through the entire train."

"I believe that is the case, for I have a brother who has been in Massachusetts, and he thinks railroad travelling more comfortable there than here."

Not content with rigorously dividing the cars into the small compartments spoken of, they extend their sorting surveillance to the refreshment arrangements—each variety being correspondingly labelled. This time I was detected where I had previously passed without suspicion. Having never overcome my antipathy to soggy pies, cold coffee, and other incidentals in the "bosom of my boarding house," I invariably patronized "first class" tables, whether travelling under that honor or not.

I had just commenced my alimentary enjoyment when I was taken roughly by the arm, turned round, and greeted with—

"No you don't!—I seed you—cawn't you read?"

This unexpected expulsion gave me new ideas of the "sovereignty of the individual."

At Maidstone, I occasionally visited the Barracks there—and when I heard the band frequently perform American tunes, longed for the time when I should see the Stars and Stripes in the same company.

One day, on going to Allington Castle, I was accompanied by an old friend of the family, (who had previously introduced me to three persons, pupils of my father nearly eighty years ago!) who was strangely

favorable to the United States, while deplorably ignorant of our actual condition.

"Oh, you'll soon see how European capitalists will laugh at your application for a loan to carry on the war."

"Well, wait till we ask them."

"In this respect you must acknowledge the superiority of monarchical governments in war times."

"Very good for war times, perhaps; but we prefer government suited for times of peace mainly."

"But you'll have to stop your war for want of money before a year is over."

On my way to London I visited a Government official at Purfleet.

"You'd better make peace in your country before we interfere, for our harmy is in such hexcellent condition as it never was before—and you Yankees will find you have no Mexicans to deal with when you provoke John Bull."

"Perhaps not. Don't you wish we might meet some powerful nation worthy British warfare—say the Sepoys or Chinese, for instance."

CHAPTER XIX.

LONDON AGAIN.

Again in London, I visited a few localities of peculiar personal interest. One of these was a building in Castle Street, where I saw in front, "Grammar School—Established 1790." Remembering that this must have been the spot where my own "English Elements" commenced, I entered into conversation with a gentleman acquainted with the present proprietor.

"This war—this war—it will soon stop emigration to America."

"Peace will come presently—and there will still be plenty of room."

"I wonder what will become of the thousands of Englishmen who live in the United States. Of course the Government make them fight for it—don't they?"

"Not at all. They allow those who choose, to continue grumbling; and others, like myself, to come here to do it—which, I candidly own, my friend, appears far preferable to doing it at the table of our entertainers."

"Here's Mr. Marston. This gentleman is from America, and declares he is going back again next week!"

"Yes: so just let me look at the old schoolroom where I learned to read." . . . . . .

At the close of my inspection, Mr. M. said,

"Come down here—I will show you a curious relic of the olden time."

We descended a few steps below the cellar, when he pointed out that a recent excavation had revealed a Roman bath.

Another spot I felt curious to revisit was Belle Savage Yard on Ludgate Hill. Twenty-nine years before, the magic word AMERICA had attracted away from the employment of a large establishment one of their hardest-worked errand boys: and said boy now happened to be in turn an employer, with a letter of introduction to an eminent firm directly opposite. Accordingly I entered the enclosure still famous for its literary commerce.

On the spot whence formerly radiated "The Casket," "The Satirist," &c., now only a few broken walls and a heap of rubbish remained. Nearly opposite, however, arose a Harper-like looking building, on approaching

which I heard the familiar sound of a genuine American Adams Press.

I presented my letter to one of the firm, was warmly welcomed, and invited to inspect the establishment.

"First visit to England?"

"No: I have been here twice before."

"Ah! I notice *you speak remarkably well!*"

"Indeed! Perhaps it is because I once worked over the way there. But where is that establishment gone? —Cowie & Strange's, I mean."

He knew nothing about them, and two others whom he questioned appeared equally ignorant.

This gentleman had recently visited New York, from which place he had transferred some of the latest improved printing presses to his London establishment.

"How do you like them?"

"Very well."

"How do others?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I should really like to ascertain how they compare with those in general use."

"Well, the men at ———— continue to distrust and disparage them, and I do believe will not give them a fair chance."

"I heard the same opinion about the Hoe Press sent lately to ————."

"And I *know* there was a dead-set threatened against that."

A few days after this conversation, on passing along the street, the usual crowd were gathered round a shop-window where a sewing-machine was in active operation. Happening to be in company with a gentleman who had frequently expressed contempt for all trans-Atlantic inventions, I was curious to hear what paternity he would claim for this eminently American notion.

"Ah, yes! that *is* American, to be sure. But we do not want it here. No, no: we can't find sewing enough for the poor women we have to support."

One of my letters was to a gentleman in the Temple Garden. After the usual civilities, he said,

"So I hear Mr. J——— has gone to America, seeks admission to the Bar there, and I suppose in due time you Yankees will make a great man of him, as you generally do with the rogues escaping from us."

"Perhaps so; but you seldom have a chance to reciprocate our generosity."

"Now that's insulting, and I did not mean to insult you."

"Nor I you. But I have lately heard so many in-

stances of rascality alluded to as American, when I happen to know their British parentage, that I cannot help occasionally putting in what you lawyers call a rejoinder."

"You are very American for one born in England, as this letter informs me."

"Yes—and become more so as I hear all our vices continually spoken of as 'regular Yankee,' while our virtues you so coolly claim as British, because we come from your stock."

CHAPTER XX.

WHAT I HEARD IN A COAL MINE.

While in Birmingham, it was my good fortune to become acquainted with the celebrated engineer John Inshaw, Esq. Although this gentleman had long been noted for his hospitality to Americans, I could hardly have expected so many efforts on his part to contribute to my enjoyment. As I had expressed some curiosity respecting coal mines, he offered to accompany me to one, the superintendent of which was his personal friend. On the way, he cautioned me to abate my interest; for such descents were attended not only with more or less personal discomfort, but were not entirely free from danger. However, as this was reputed one of 'the best ventilated in England," he thought he could conscientiously recommend it to his "American cousin."

So we rode out to the "Mountford Mine," some seven miles west of the city. My efforts on the journey to induce Mr. I. to accompany me in my subterranean rambles, had been entirely unsuccessful; but when we arrived at the Superintendent's house, Mr. Dutton succeeded, by offering to accompany us himself. His "baillie," (or *under*-ground *overseer*,) was accordingly directed to put the extra safety coupling on the "cage," while I was taking a comprehensive view of "the situation." My first peep into the dark orifice called the shaft was not prepossessing, and I turned aside to contemplate on my other hand an immense steam engine belching forth "the waters under the earth," which it had drawn up from the workings. Strength and utility—not beauty or ornament—were its characteristics. The "cage" being now in readiness, we stepped within, and in a moment saw the huge wheel commence revolving, and felt the air rushing past us as we commenced descending. Down, down we went, into that gloomy darkness, till it seemed absolutely *tangible*—down, still down, with a sense that the "blackness of darkness" pressed upon us on all sides, and yet down, down, without power of articulation, — till—oh! happy

change! jolt at last! the whirl ceased, the door of our cage flew open, and we tottered forth. The next moment, *an open lighted candle* was placed in my hand.

"What! I thought only the safety-lamp was used in mining."

"Oh, we uses these sir—no danger."

As soon as my eyes became somewhat accustomed to the blackness which now enveloped us, I looked around. Instead of lofty arches and spacious vaults what was my horror to find myself in a narrow cart track, perhaps a dozen feet square; but, on looking upward, I was yet more amazed to observe that the immense weight above was supported only by massive timbers, which were regularly placed about a foot or two apart—and every few yards revealed the pressure on them to be so great as to bend and crack them in so many places as to give the impression that the whole would come down on the first vibration!

I had loitered too far behind to express the desire to abbreviate our tour; and now, as I fancied I heard falling water, I was unpleasantly reminded that the bottom of a canal had recently *fallen out* in this vicinity, and its dire effects on the poor fellows who had no time to "stand from under!"

———when—whirr-r-r—*bang*—BOOM!——BANG! sent a shower of coal around me—and I, thinking of nothing but "*explosion!*" sprang forward with all my might in the instinct which suddenly possessed me—to die close to my companions! * * *

We instantly huddled together—Mr. I.'s lips quivering and speechless, like my own—when Mr. Dutton calmly inquired, "Do you know what that was?" He saw our alarm, and quickly added, "It's only the gradual settling of the earth and rocks overhead; see here," he continued, "how much this has sprung since it was last shored"—pointing to a coal protuberance which had *bulged* up between two side timbers as above described. His voice, of course, re-assured us, and he furthermore said we might possibly hear a repetition ere leaving the mine.

We now came upon a rough railway—then a horse, or a solitary laborer, and then cars of the mineral on the way to the shaft. The road had been thus far almost a constant descent, and I was about suggesting a return, when Mr. Dutton pointed to a hole about three feet in height, though much wider, telling us to choose between crawling through

or reaching the shaft by a longer direction. The "baillie" having already entered it, I was down on my knees in a trice, while my "fat friend" acknowledged that on this occasion my slenderness gave me a good advantage over him. A few yards of this penance, and we emerged on the other side—when we found a cavern nearly round, with about fifty miners clustered about the inevitable British beer barrel, enjoying their "drink hour." As this curious spectacle broke suddenly upon me—these begrimed laborers with the candles in their caps—the outlines of their naked shoulders, and the whites of their eyes and teeth glistening in the awful darkness—here, nearly a quarter of a mile underneath populous streets, factories, canals and railroads—to come suddenly upon such a sight, completely overcame me, and I muttered to myself, "Well, if this is not dangerous as well as dirty work, I know not what is." Low as had been my utterance, it was overheard, and "Hope you'll get our wages riz!" greeted me unexpectedly at my feet. No objection was made to my carrying off a trophy from this underground railroad—so I selected a good-sized piece of coal, to burn at No. 33, on our next general "Peace Illumination."

"Homeward bound" was at last the word, and I observed the "baillie" had many matters of business to which he called the attention of his superior. This made our journey still somewhat circuitous—and at length we entered a side working or "drift" recently opened. Again I loitered, and carried my candle, in my inexperience, near my waist—and from that apparently trivial occurrence, how eventful proved the sequel! Sickened at looking at the frail support overhead, I cast my sight alternately at those ahead of me, and at the light in my hand. As I fancied it was growing duller, I watched it closely. Bluer and blacker grew the flame! Knowing it indicated foulness of the air, I exclaimed, "My candle is going out!" "Turn back! turn back!" shouted both superintendent and deputy, and before they reached me, my light died out entirely! In *ascending* this passage, a strata of dangerous gas was detected by its reaching my candle *first*, before my companions had gone far enough to find it on a level with their mouths!

* * * * *

My friend, the engineer, had formerly enjoyed a little raillery at my expense, when he felt jocose, about Bull Run, but in the race we all now made

to the mouth of the pit, I remembered enough of his "skedaddling" proficiency to be able to retort upon him thereafter with great self-complacency.

We reached the shaft in safety; and as we commenced the joyous ascent, our hearts rapidly regained their usual cheerfulness. As we mounted higher and yet higher, so continued our spirits to expand—until we perceived daylight in the distance, I valued, as never before, the inestimable blessing of sunshine—and even although what I now experienced was the inferior British article, still I exultantly basked in its rays, my "Yankee curiosity" abundantly satisfied by the result of this most perilous of all my adventures.

CHAPTER XXI.

EXCITEMENT AT LIVERPOOL—EMBARKMENT UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

When I revisited Birmingham friends on my way homeward, I found they had so over-estimated my good nature and ability as not only to rely on my repeating my opinions at various social circles, but had also expected me to address the public. But although I have been in a measure compelled to record more of what I *said* than seems modest in a record of what was *heard*, yet my replies are limited to a mere sufficiency for the reader to understand the context. It is therefore only necessary to give mere outlines.

At one of the gatherings above alluded to, a gentleman was present, who as an employer, had lost many of his hands by emigration. Several of these had revisited England—of course in improved circumstances.

"How is it," said he to me, "while we hear so much

about the vulgarity and coarseness of the Americans, all the Birmingham lads who go out there are so much improved in manners and appearance when they return ?"

"You can see for yourself when you make that promised visit; but Northern mechanics are not the mudsills they are represented."

While obtaining a ticket at the railway station, my trunk lay on the platform with the words "NEW YORK," which a Brooklyn painter had made more prominent than my name.

On resuming its guardianship, I noticed a crowd gathered round it, and heard one say,

"There goes a Yankee home to fight."

"Yes—and they 'll want every one of them. But what a blarsted fool the fellow is to go !"

I was soon locked up in one of those dreary divisions of their devices for travelling ; and as I paced the small area allowed me to keep myself warm, I fell into a train of thought as my visit to these peculiar people was drawing to a close. Remembering how frequently the arrogance of the upper classes had more amused than annoyed me, my heart yearned toward that hearty honesty and candor which so eminently characterise the English people. In spite of the apparent harshness of some of my criticisms, I felt proud of my connection with SHAKEPEARE's countrymen, and grieved at the im-

minency of conflict between Nations so identical in character. I even indulged a belief that by prolonging my stay, and speaking whenever and wherever asked, I could do good—by dissipating prejudice, and thus contribute toward cementing closer together two nations who united might rule the world. But the call home was too imperative for the indulgence of more than a momentary enthusiasm, and I re-entered Liverpool a very matter-of-fact individual.

The town was indeed in a state of intense excitement. Orders had been issued prohibiting the exportation of arms, saltpetre, &c., and "war with America" was the one topic of general conversation. My favorite "Europa," swarming with troops for Canada, was closed against my further enjoyment of her splendid luxuries by this fitful flurry, and I was glad to obtain passage in another steamer.

As we gathered on the landing-stage previous to embarkation, how sympathetically did our common apprehensions make us regard each other! And how sweet was it again to hear our language again with its proper pronunciation—poor H no longer placed in all sorts of ludicrous positions, nor mercilessly exiled from his legitimate heritage. But far above and beyond all this, did our eyes adore that starry signal that reminded us of Western skies—that

"Bright Flag! at yonder tapering mast."

Once again fairly out upon old Ocean, the passengers soon blended into even more affectionate relationship than usual on such occasions, in view of the supposed and exaggerated calamities to our beloved country. All extremes—of politics, religion, and philosophy—harmonized into one grand chord of AMERICANISM; while the bitterest invectives were bestowed on all who had contributed to our perplexities by misrepresentation or venality. A certain newspaper printed in New York, whose inconsistency and bombast was frequently quoted as embodying American sentiment, received a large share of the indignation: and as one of the passengers possessed an intimate knowledge of the private as well as public history of its foreign proprietor, which he was not at all too timid to impart, he was called on to preside at a meeting expressive of their detestation; and as the hearty and unanimous "AYE!" following his putting the question on thus branding our National Libeller, sounded to me the sweetest, so shall it be the last record of "WHAT I HEARD" abroad.

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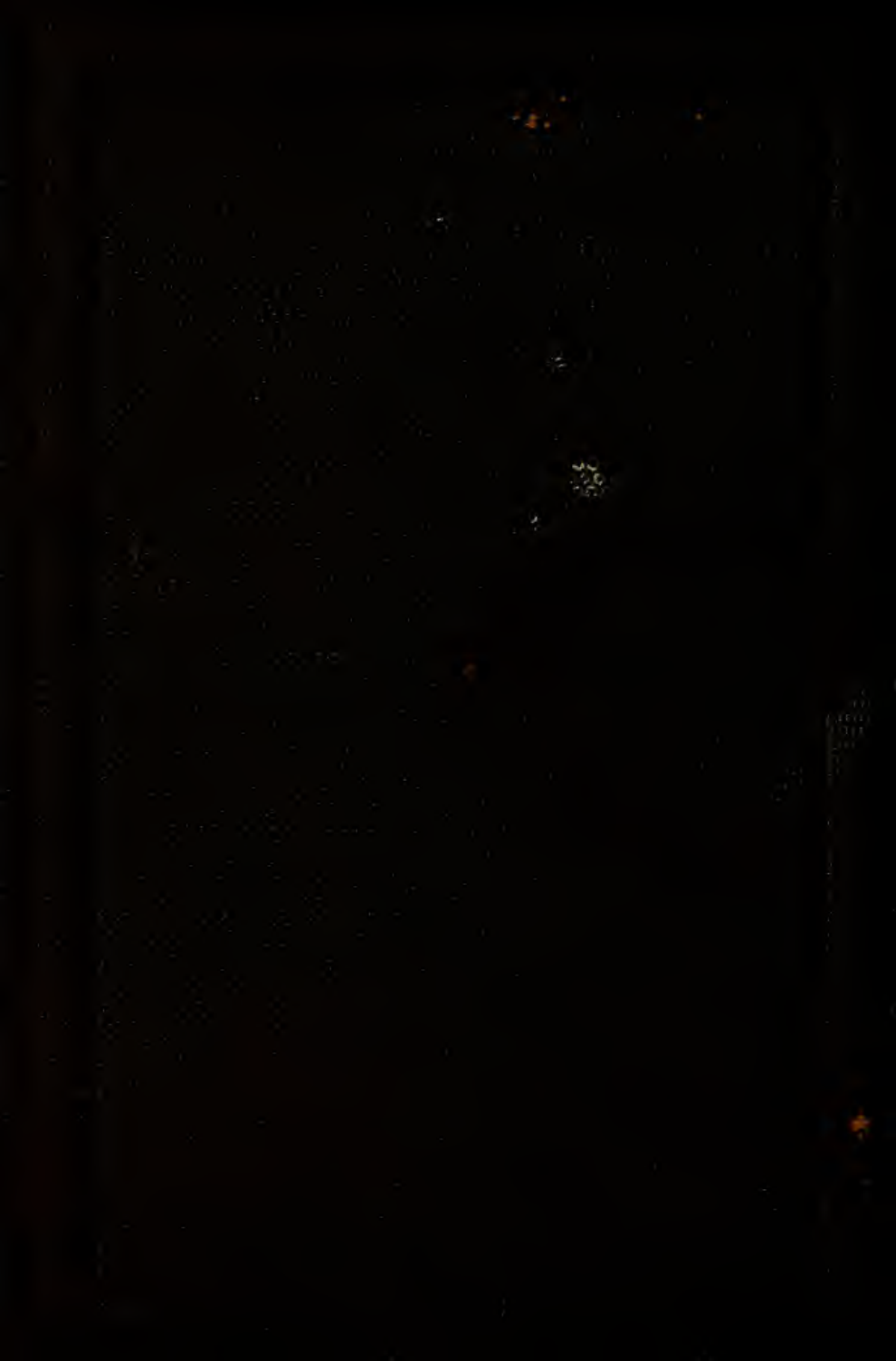
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